The Outlook

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La Follette's Running Mate

THIS Presidential year is likely to be remembered for refusals of Vice-Presidential nominations. Mr. Lowden, after thrice refusing the offer of the Vice-Presidential crown, snatched it from his head when it had actually been placed there. Senator Walsh, virtually if not technically made the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee by acclamation, declared the Convention out of order, and, with fine disregard for an overwhelming chorus of noes, brought its session to a close, and thus escaped without formally repudiating the Convention's action. Others declined the Vice-Presidential nomination in advance of its being officially offered. Among the Republicans who did so were Senator Borah and Secretary Hoover. Among the Democrats ex-Secretary Meredith. All these refusals were final and decisive.

Not so Senator Wheeler's. After declaring that he could not be induced to run for Vice-President, he acquiesced in the nomination made by the committee which was acting on behalf of the La Follette Convention. Mr. Wheeler still maintains that he is a Democrat, as Mr. La Follette still maintains that he is a Republican. Thus the third ticket, if it is a sword at all, is a two-edged one. It will cut as keenly if not as deeply into the mule skin as into the elephant hide.

Mr. Wheeler's bolt from the Democratic ticket is more spectacular than Mr. La Follette's repudiation of the Republican Convention. La Follette at least served notice. His programme was placed before the Republican Convention and rejected. Wheeler, on the other hand, participated in the Democratic Convention throughout, and then when the Convention was over refused to support its nominee.

Because of his running mate, La Follette probably hopes to carry a larger number of States than he could have won by his own strength. Some Democrats of the dissatisfied regions of the West will undoubtedly vote the third ticket because of Wheeler's presence on it. His activities in the Daugherty investigation, irregular as they may have been, have a spectacular quality that makes admirers. It is not impossible that the nomination of Wheeler may contribute to the throwing of the election into Congress.

The Possibility of an Accidental President

IF the election is thrown into Congress, it will not be without precedent. There is in fact a case on record where the result was the election by the lower house of a President of one party and by the Senate of a Vice-President of the other party. This year that is highly improbable, though it seems at present a little more probable than that Mr. La Follette could carry New York State, as one of his ardent adherents, it is said, has predicted. As we have already pointed out, if no candidate succeeds in obtaining more than half of the votes in the Electoral College (that is, more than 266), Congress is charged by the Constitution with the duty of making a selection of both President and Vice-President. In that case, the House must choose between the three candidates having the highest number of electoral votes for President, and the Senate must choose between the two candidates having the highest number of electoral votes for Vice-President.

In voting for a President, the House of Representatives would vote by States. Each State is entitled to one vote. New York's vote, for instance, would be determined by the forty-three Representatives in Congress from that State. Nevada, like New York, would have one vote, and, having but one Representative in Congress, its vote would be determined

(C) Underwood

Senator Wheeler and Senator La Follette, candidates on the "third ticket," seem pleased with each other

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by that one man. With three candidates in the field, a deadlock might easily ensue.

In the meantime the Senate would be making its choice between the two Vice-Presidential candidates. If they were Mr. Dawes and Mr. C. W. Bryan, it is conceivable that the supporters of the La Follette ticket, who would have no opportunity for voting for Mr. Wheeler, might cast their votes for Mr. Bryan. If the deadlock continued in the House until the expiration of Congress on the Fourth of March, the candidate chosen by the Senate as Vice-President would succeed as President. It is thus possible that, without the intervention of death, Mr. C. W. Bryan, who is now hardly known except by name throughout the country at large, and who could not be chosen President in the regular election, might become President of the United States. Those who would like to see Mr. Bryan President might conceivably best promote their object, not by voting for Messrs. Davis and Bryan at all, but by voting for Messrs. La Follette and Wheeler. A great many votes will undoubtedly be cast for Messrs. Coolidge and Dawes as the most certain method of averting the possibility of what might fairly be called an accidental President.

The Happier Wheat Farmer

WILL the wheat farmers cast a famine vote or a festive vote? A famine vote seemed likely until the improvement of the price for wheat about a month ago. The grower looks forward now to getting for his crop a price not far removed from the figure that the Government experts have figured as that yielding a fair return on his enterprise. His reaping is likely to be happier than was his sowing. The contrast may well supplant his recent discontent with thankfulness.

A tendency to plant even more wheat than before, in some of the States hardest hit by the wheat depression, renders the improvement in the prospect doubly important. Kansas, the State having usually the biggest wheat acreage, planted a million acres more last autumn than the year before. Nebraska likewise put a greater acreage into wheat. Illinois, on the contrary, having other and more valuable crops to which it could turn, reduced its winter wheat acreage seventeen per cent. In general, the States where wheat was a secondary crop withdrew land from its cultivation, having other and brighter possibilities. A number of the States that had no other ready substitute crop played doubles or quits by increasing their planting. They would have suffered the more if the price had failed to rise. As it has risen, their wheat growers, the most hard pressed, derive the greater benefit. It benefits them further that the secondary wheat States have abandoned a great part of their acreage in the leading wheat States' favor.

The outcome bids fair to check the economic disorder that has afflicted the wheat country. It cannot cure the cause of the trouble, which is viewed as largely due to the too implicit reliance of farmers in several wheat States on a single crop. The plans outlined in President Coolidge's Message of last fall aimed at the introduction of other forms of husbandry in the wheat belt, and the dispersion rather than the further concentration of wheat culture. A happy outcome this year may put the distressed wheat grower on his feet, but only diversified farming can keep him there.

He may go to the polls in many cases feeling that all's right with the world, but the world must not forget his standing need of a surer plan of husbandry.

Grist from the Government Mill

"THE Government at Washington still lives," as Garfield once said to a New York crowd, and, despite three-cornered political warfare over the way in which it shall be conducted, continues its multitudinous activities for the benefit of the people. Mr. Davis, Senator La Follette, even President Coolidge, who has been at the head of it all for nearly a year, do not begin to know all of the ways in which the Government works for the people. In the main, its machinery goes steadily on regardless of Presidents and Presidential contests. Here are some of the more interesting items in a day's grind of Government grist:

The Post Office Department announces that world mail routings are in process of realignment as a result of the American Air Mail Service. European mail now routed via Marseilles and the Suez Canal to Australia and the Orient may be diverted to New York, with a resultant shortening of two weeks in its transit time. So with many other mail routes.

The Forest Service and the Department of the Interior announce that there has been great exaggeration in reports of havoc wrought by forest fires in California. Losses of property and life have not been great, and the public may feel reassured.

The Attorney-General invokes the power of Federal law to protect consumers of fruits and vegetables from paying exorbitant prices.

The War Department announces that recruiting for the Army will be suspended except for the enlistment of men needed to replace future losses as they occur. There is only enough money to pay 120,000 men, and the strength of the Regular Army at present is about 124,000.

The Department of Agriculture publishes wheat production figures for the producing countries of the world, showing that the crop this year is thirteen per cent less than that of last year and that American wheat growers may hope to sell in a less crowded market.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs announces that night schools for adult Indians will be established wherever practicable. Instruction of adult Indians in night schools has already had a thorough test and has proved successful.

A campaign is instituted to stamp out trachoma, tuberculosis, and other infectious diseases among the Indians. It will be extended during the coming year to every Indian reservation and every State having an Indian population.

And these are only a few culls from a large pile. If the Government published a daily newspaper, the copy hook would not often be empty.

America Is Playing Her Part

SECRETARY HUGHES'S presence in London, though it does not mean even an unofficial attendance upon the Interallied Conference there, has helped to emphasize the part that America is playing in this new attempt to bring Germany to terms and settle Europe's post-war difficulties. That America is contributing materially to the improvement of Europe's condition should be a source of pride to every American. A great deal that has been said about America's avoidance of responsibility is, to put it bluntly, not true. It is true that America has not chosen to do many things that have been asked of her, but she has done some things that have been better than much that has been asked of her.

The fact that the Interallied Conference has a definite plan to consider is due to America. The fact that that Conference is considering as practicable the appointment of an Agent-General of

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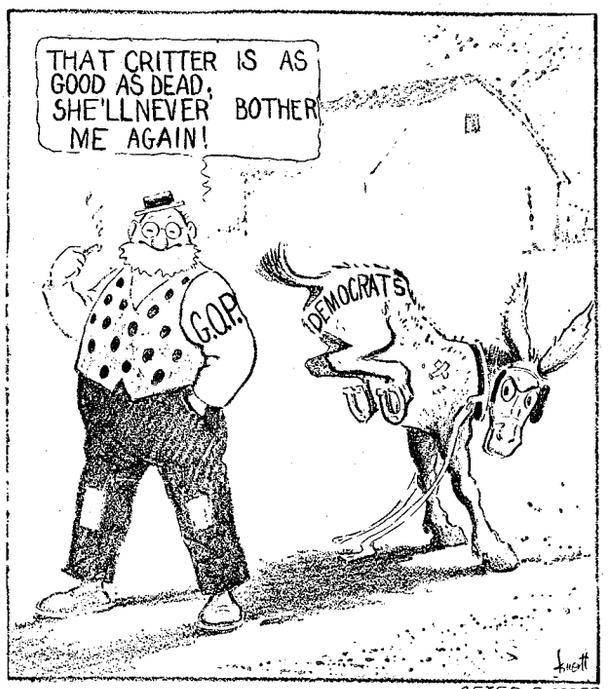
The Heels of the Ass

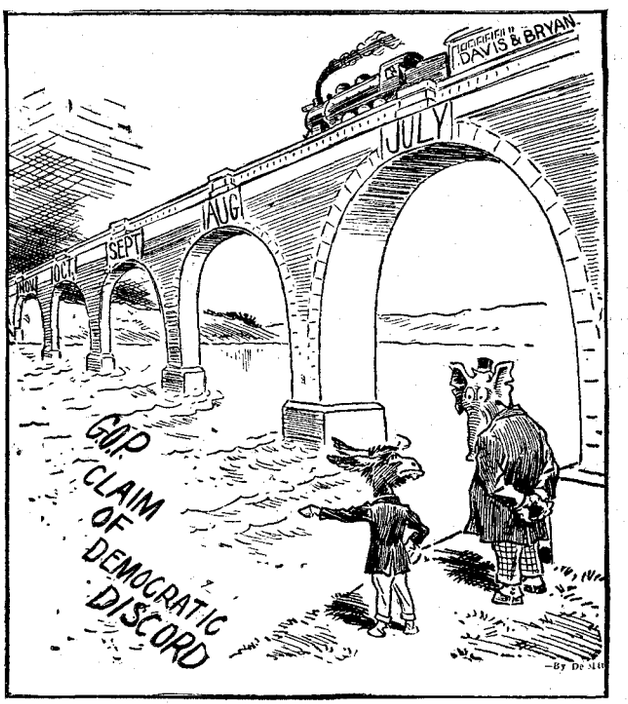
(Timon of Athens, Act I, Scene 1)

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



Remember Si and Maud?

De Mar in the Philadelphia Record



"Thought you said we couldn't get across?"

From Helen S. Oliver, Riverton, N. J.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

It's a strong man's job, all right!

From Lewis O. Summersett, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gale in the Los Angeles Daily Times

"Giddap!"

From John H. Kelman, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Reparation Payments is due to America, for such an agent would presumably be an American citizen. The fact that the plan may be carried out through a loan is due to America, for without American aid such a loan could hardly be floated.

What has held up the settlement as much as anything has been the inability of France and Great Britain to agree on any method which would assure to Great Britain the restoration of her international trade and to France the easing of burdens unjustly laid on her by Germany and the reasonable security of her territory from a war of revenge. Evidently, the contention of France that the Dawes Plan should be carried out under the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and that the Reparation Commission's jurisdiction should be kept intact, and that the right of any nation to take measures or sanctions to insure the termination of any default on the part of Germany should be unimpaired, has made an impression upon the Conference.

The American Olympic Victories

THE American victories of last week in the Olympic contests were sweeping and gave our athletic representatives a flock of new "firsts." Thus in one day, in swimming six Americans won in finals (among them John Weissmuller and Sybil Bauer in 100-meter races), while in boxing finals three Americans won.

The tennis finals yielded abundant American triumph and excited more interest among Americans at home than any other feature of the sports and games at the Paris meeting, unless it be the Yale eight-oar crew's finely rowed and easily won victory in the finals of July 17 over Canada, Italy, and the London Thames crew in that order, or the previous feat of the Finn, Stenroos, forty years old, who carried away the Marathon race of about 25 miles with ease over thirty-nine younger competitors.

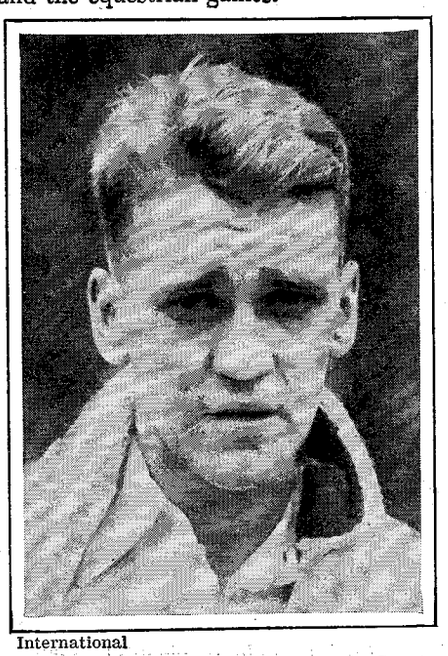
The tennis victory of America was certainly sweeping and spectacular. If Stenroos in his running feat typified the power of health and strength in early middle age, Miss Helen Wills, winner of the tennis women's singles, and Mr. Vincent Richards, winner of the men's singles, stood for the adage that youth will be served. To their brilliant successes must be added the American victory in men's doubles of Vincent Richards and Francis Hunter, that of Mr. Williams and Mrs. Wightman in the mixed

International

Helen Wills, Winner of Women's Singles

doubles, and the previous victory of Miss Wills and Mrs. Wightman in the women's doubles. In tennis of the Olympic brand one may almost say, as was said of our famous yachting triumph, "America first, the rest nowhere."

The Olympic competition is all but finished as we write, but even so it is difficult to get positive information as to the total of points gained by the different countries, for the tabulation is complicated and no official statement has been issued. According to an Associated Press despatch from Paris (July 21), America leads in sixteen contests with 95 points, more than double France's 47, while Great Britain comes third with 38 points and Finland fourth with 34 points. The only remaining contests at that date were in yachting, weight lifting, cycling, and the equestrian games.



International

Vincent Richards, Winner of Men's Singles

Making World Records

AT the Olympic games in Paris one record after another was shattered by the attacks on time and distance made by the well-trained athletes. The share of the United States in this winning of new laurels is a matter of just pride, for it bespeaks the strenuous competition which may be said to have made America.

In nearly all fields of endeavor, however, new records seldom stand long. Once an aviator has covered a certain distance, remained aloft a certain time, or attained a hitherto-impossible speed, his record becomes the bright and shining mark at which his fellows aim. And so rapid are the improvements which lead to new success, so scientific are the methods adopted in training competitors, that the "to-morrow" on which a new record will be established is never far distant.

Only once in a generation, perhaps, does the world witness such a spectacle as that presented at the Olympics by the great distance runner, Paavo Nurmi, of Finland, who so easily outdistanced his rivals that his only competitor, apparently, was the stop-watch which he carried to tell him whether he should speed up or could afford to tarry a bit. If pushed by human competitors rather than merely racing "against time," he doubtless would have set up more new records.

While athletics, automobiling, horse-racing, speed on the typewriter, yachting, and a hundred other pursuits are witnessing a continuous succession of record-breaking competitions, it is probably in the field of flying that the greatest number of achievements in this direction have been accomplished within the past few years. These feats have ranged from Maughan's flight across the continent in a day and the aerial flight around the world to numerous altitude and duration records with or without "useful load."

Only a short time ago two French aviators, Coupet and Drouhin, by remaining in the air 37 hours 59 minutes and 10 seconds cut 43 minutes from the record which was made last year by two young American Army officers, Lieutenants Lowell H. Smith and J. P. Richter. On July 12 two United States Navy officers, Lieutenants Frank W. Wead and John D. Price, remained aloft in a seaplane 15 hours and 19 minutes, breaking the record which they had made less than three weeks previously of 13 hours and 23 minutes in the air.

Progress is marked by these achieve-

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ments. New records established are the milestones along the road of scientific improvement and human endeavor. The procession of these milestones moves by so rapidly at times that it is almost impossible to see them as they speed along, like the telegraph poles from a fast-moving train.

"Mrs. Jack Gardner"

In the death of Mrs. John L. Gardner, familiarly known as Mrs. Jack Gardner, Boston has lost a real leader, one who was so recognized in a wide sphere, for Mrs. Gardner was a many-sided woman.

A New Yorker by birth, she not only readily adapted herself to the manners and customs of her adopted city, but soon after she went there began to make herself felt by her independence. By many she would be considered erratic, and stories of eccentricity have been linked with her name, some of which were far from being true. While not egotistical or really courting publicity, she was nevertheless frequently in the limelight. She had a love for the artistic and the beautiful, but it was seldom that she sought a selfish gratification, for wherever money was spent, whether for a private concert in Fenway Court or a private performance of some body of player folk, she always had around her a group of intellectual people to share her pleasures with her.

In the broadest sense Mrs. Gardner was a patron of the arts. In the field of music she was perhaps the best-known patron of the Boston Symphony Concerts. It is doubtful if there is another woman in the country who enjoyed the acquaintance of so many persons conspicuous in the field of music, and there are not a few musicians occupying prominent places to-day who owe their first success to Mrs. Gardner, who made it possible, partly by money but also by means of her social position, for them to get that first hearing in the presence of cultured folk craved by all aspiring musicians. She often entertained Paderewski, and seemed to have no trouble in getting the famous De Reszke brothers to visit her home, despite the fact that they almost never accepted invitations to private functions.

Mrs. Gardner was a sincere lover of pictures, and long before she began to assemble the collection that helped direct serious attention toward her she was familiar with the work of the great masters of Europe, past and present. She knew real merit when she saw it; the fact that a painting was by a certain artist did not mean as much to her as the fact that the painting was worthy of its artist.

Fenway Court while in the process of building was daily supervised by its mistress, and it is doubtful if any building in Boston ever was the object of more attention and speculation. Mrs. Gardner's knowledge of architecture and building was considerable, and day by day she knew exactly what was being done and what was not being done. The "Palace" was fashioned in the style of a Florentine villa, and its accompanying yard has always been as interesting as the interior of the building. To-day much of the outside is covered with vines and the appearance of age makes it more interesting than in its earlier days. Egypt, Greece, and Rome were drawn upon to enrich the interior, and each season that the art gallery was opened visitors could be sure of finding within some new acquisition.

White Indians

Certainly, there are white Indians. There are also white blackbirds. And the two are produced by similar causes.

That, in effect, is what the anthropologists of the Smithsonian Institution think of the "white" Indian children brought to the United States by the Richard O. Marsh Darien Expedition. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of physical anthropology, declined, according to newspaper accounts, to attend the dinner in New York at which the Indian children were exhibited, but expressed willingness to make a quiet and thorough investigation at the Smithsonian Institution, with time and facilities ample for what he regards as a requisite study. Dr. Hrdlicka is quoted as saying that, in his opinion, the whiteness of the skin of these Indian children is due to albinism or pintoism. The scientists who attended the dinner in New York—where facilities for investigation were not such as to satisfy Dr. Hrdlicka—are quoted as saying that, while the children are not albinos, the whiteness of their skin is probably due to pathological conditions.

Mr. Marsh's contention is that the children brought by him from the Isthmus are specimens of a white race in process of development from a copper-colored stock.

It is not for laymen to hold opinions concerning a question of this kind. There may be justification, however, for the guess that one of two things will occur: scientists will continue to disagree on the question of white Indians for a hundred years, or else the white Indian question will be very shortly forgotten.

Killing to Cure

Taking forty-eight thousand lives is a heavy-handed way of curing an epidemic, even an epidemic of cattle.

It was reported some time ago that no less than forty-eight thousand animals had been slain to check the spread of the epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease among the cattle in California. Since that time thousands of others have undoubtedly met the same fate. This sanguinary system of sanitation has not been employed for human ailments since civilization began, and it seems even in the case of cattle to carry the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number" to an unusual length. But the end in this case undoubtedly justifies the means, as long as no other means avail.

California and the States between it and the Missouri River line, prolonged southward to include Texas, contain some twenty-five million cattle. The spread of the epidemic through the Western cattle country would easily carry it throughout this vast herd. The only way thus far found for checking it is the elimination of the stock among which it has broken out. The slaughter of even a hundred thousand cattle is but a moderate loss in comparison to the number safeguarded. The welfare of the cattle raisers and the supply of meat and dairy products cannot be protected in any other way yet devised.

The report from Berlin of the discovery of the foot-and-mouth bacillus holds out hope that we may soon have the means of fighting the disease otherwise than by extirpating infected herds. So ruthless a course of treatment is both primitive and, at thirty or forty dollars a head for each animal sacrificed, most costly. The long series of foot-and-mouth epidemics will end when once science devises an effectual means of preventive inoculation.

Why Did Sao Paulo Revolt?

When first reports reached the United States of a mutiny or military uprising among the State troops of Sao Paulo, the great coffee State of Brazil, little was thought of it. Apparently it was nothing more than a local disturbance, due possibly to some dis-

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P. & A. Photos

The center of Sao Paulo. The Hotel Esplanade, to the right, has been turned into a hospital for the wounded. It faces on Anhagabahu Park

affection in a certain military faction, which would be promptly quelled.

But the revolt continued, and everybody began to ask, For what reason has Sao Paulo rebelled against the Federal Government? From Brazil itself, on account of the strict censorship which the Government established, nothing satisfactory emanated as to the cause of the uprising. Officials of our Government maintained discreet silence. From other sources there came rumors more or less vague and incomplete.

No matter what the immediate cause of the outbreak may have been, it is known that there were certain underlying factors which are believed to have been responsible. These were mainly of an economic character, although political differences and jealousies doubtless also played some part in the affair, or at least fanned the elements of discontent. In some quarters it is believed that the "Paulistas," as the people of Sao Paulo refer to themselves, may even have in their heads the idea of secession and the setting up of a separate government; but there is little real evidence of this. There is, to be sure, some difference in the character of the people in the northern and southern parts of Brazil, probably no more, however, than between the inhabitants of various parts of the United States.

It is the economic situation that is believed to be principally responsible for the present disturbance. Sao Paulo is not only rich agriculturally, producing about three-fourths of Brazil's coffee, but is an important industrial center, the city of Sao Paulo, with its 600,000 inhabitants, having factories of nearly all kinds. It is officially stated that it pays to the Federal Government approximately sixty per cent of the revenue which goes into the national treasury. Sao Paulo is said to have felt that it was being taxed unduly in proportion to the benefits it received.

The most plausible reason for the Sao Paulo revolt is that it was caused by a desire to effect some change and improvement in the general economic and financial system under which the present Brazilian Government is operating. Just what modifications in this system those who are back of the movement were demanding and expected to accomplish has not yet been revealed. One of the factors is believed to be the coffee valorization plan, whereby the Government has attempted to maintain prices and regulate the flow of Brazilian coffee to the markets of the world. Under the plan recently in force, Sao Paulo was permitted to ship through its port, Santos, the greatest coffee port in the world, an average of 36,000 bags of coffee a day. This, it was claimed by the coffee growers and exporters of Sao Paulo, was not a sufficient amount to supply the demands for their grade of coffee, which finds its principal mart in the United States.

With one exception this is the first serious trouble which Brazil has experienced since it began its life as a Republic, following the "peaceful revolution" of 1889 which sent the famous Emperor Dom Pedro II, who had ruled the country for forty-eight years, into exile. The people of Brazil as a rule are quiet and peace-loving; and they have always been very friendly to the United States.

The Child Labor Amendment

IF every failure of the several States to pass and enforce good laws were to be remedied by the passage of a Federal law, there would soon be no place for any State governments.

Opposition to the proposed Child Labor Amendment, which would enable Congress to pass laws limiting, regulating, or prohibiting the labor of children under eighteen, is based in part upon the belief that, in spite of their failure, State governments are worth preserving. Every State government is a laboratory. Its unsuccessful experiments can be rejected by the other States. Its successful experiments can be imitated or improved. The very differences between State laws on the same subject are a source of strength for our Federal Republic. They are indications of the adjustment of law to the needs of the community, like the adjustment of the caterpillar tread on a tractor to the unevenness of the ground. It is a mistake to think that all opposition to the Child Labor Amendment is based on the self-interest of those who wish to exploit the labor of children. It rests in part at least upon the wholesome desire to preserve uninjured a system extraordinarily adapted to our great and far-flung population.

The demand for the Child Labor Amendment, however, is due to something more than a desire to make up for the deficiency in certain State laws. Indignation at the callousness of heart which permits children in some of our more backward States to waste their childhood in factories that investors may reap profits has undoubtedly put energy into the demand for the Amendment; but it does not account for the passage of the Amendment by the two houses of Congress or justify its acceptance as a part of the fabric of our governmental system. There is not only a humanitarian reason for the Amendment, but also a Constitutional reason.

Every State which permits the em-

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ployment of children in industry is a competitor of every State that protects childhood from industrial exploitation. It injures its own population, but it gives its industry a certain advantage by providing it with cheap labor. The enlightened State which wants its children to grow up strong and educated is competing with its unenlightened neighbor on unequal terms. The mill-owner in a State where child labor is not exploited suffers because other States have child labor laws which are deplorable. The New Hampshire cotton-mill suffers, for instance, because its restricted labor has to compete with the ill-paid labor of children in Southern States working for ten or eleven hours a day.

If our States were independent sovereign nations, they could protect themselves against such unfair competition by the passage of tariff laws. But the States cannot protect themselves. The Constitution has established free trade between the States. Without power of self-protection, the States have appealed to Congress, and in response Congress has passed legislation to regulate inter-State commerce in goods produced by children. The Constitution gives the Federal Congress power to regulate inter-State commerce, but the United States Supreme Court, by two decisions which seemed to us at the time and still seem to us among that august but not infallible tribunal's errors, has decided that Congress's power to regulate inter-State commerce does not extend to the prohibition of commerce in child-made goods or even to the taxation of such goods levied with the view of removing the handicap on States with good child labor laws. These two decisions left a situation which is intolerable, an evil without a remedy. So far from preserving the Constitution, these two decisions have tended to weaken it; for as soon as the second decision was handed down there at once began a movement to give power to Congress to legislate Nationally on the subject of child labor, and thus to supplant in that particular the Legislatures of the several States.

If Americans were logical in their reasoning, they would demand an amendment to the Constitution explicitly giving to Congress power to regulate the transportation in inter-State commerce of goods manufactured under conditions of labor below a minimum standard. But Americans are not logical. They are practical. They do not readily see a basic wrong, but rather some specific and present evil which that wrong has produced. Instead, therefore, of undertaking to remedy the underlying wrong, they undertake to attack and eradicate the resultant evil. This is what they have done in the case of the condition revealed by the child labor decisions. The Amendment passed by Congress and supported by public opinion has not undertaken to define or enlarge the power of Congress over inter-State commerce and thus get rid of the underlying wrong by providing a general remedy, but has instead attacked the immediate evil by giving power to Congress to legislate on the single subject of child labor throughout the Nation.

The issue, therefore, before the country is not whether we shall eradicate the evil or remedy the underlying wrong, but whether we shall let the immediate evil remain as it is or eradicate the evil and thus begin the removal of the underlying wrong piecemeal.

The choice under the circumstances seems to us obvious. The reason for adopting the Amendment is not that it is ideal but that it makes a beginning where a beginning is most needed.

Of course certain States will complain. Georgia, for example, has already voted to reject the Amendment. But Georgia's remonstrance against the invasion of States' rights is weakened by the fact that she has been a notorious offender, not only against her own children, but against the industry of those States which believe that their children should have the protection of the law. It is chiefly from the South that the opposition to the proposed Amendment comes, and it is chiefly in the South that the evil which the proposed Amendment will eradicate exists.

According to the Census Bureau, in 1920 there were 1,060,858 children between ten and fifteen years gainfully employed; and the Department of Labor at Washington recently asserted that, in spite of the passage by several States of greatly improved child labor laws, there are more children at work than ever before. The greatest number of employed children in proportion to the population were in 1920 in the eastern-central, coastal, and western South. It should be said, however, that of the eighteen States which in their State laws practically meet the requirements of the attempted Federal legislation, at least one, Alabama, is Southern, and that the first State to ratify the proposed Child Labor Amendment, Arkansas, is Southwestern.

Except in a few backward localities, the sentiment of the country seems overwhelmingly in favor of an effective law that will save children from industrial slavery; and as the subject is discussed in the several States we believe public sentiment will be aroused to approval of this Amendment to authorize Federal legislation that will protect the States where children are free from the unfair competition of the States where children are not free. It is to be kept in mind that the proposed Amendment itself does not attempt to fix standards, but merely to give power to Congress to fix standards for the labor of children. If three-quarters of the States realize that the Nation will have to pay for every unfair burden placed on the weak backs of the children of to-day, they will insist that they be protected against the States that do not realize this. The Child Labor Amendment does not invade but rather upholds States' rights.

A Compound Review

UNITY of critical opinion about books is neither to be expected nor to be desired. Yet sometimes the reader of reviews may well gasp if he happens to read half a dozen reviews of the same book. For instance, occasion lately arose to look in that excellent and useful compilation, the "Book Review Digest," at the collection of extracts from reviews of a certain book. Half a dozen critics' opinions we compress in the compound review that follows. All the phrases in this composite criticism we quote from the various reviewers, and insert only a few connecting words:

> It is a rare and precious volume, wild and shallow, but refreshing and original; the uninstructed reader will not make head or tail out of huge segments. It is calculated to charm the fastidious; but it is surprisingly commonplace; it has fine titbits; it is uncommonly rewarding; but the author's knowledge of even modern literature is narrow; it is admirable; but the author is a busybody of literature.

Finally, one critic of the Mr. Facing-both-ways type sums up in this lovely puzzle-sentence: "The limpid inevitability of his utterance is lost in his conscious style."

When experts differ thus widely who

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shall decide? The answer is obvious: Be your own final critic. Make the reviewer your guide and helper, but be your own court of appeal. The best review is that which, without being a bare account of a book, shows the reader what kind of a thing it is, to what tastes it most appeals, whether it has distinction or mere thrill and sentiment. The reading public has a keen eye to distinguish the review that has something to say from that produced as part of a journalistic job or in order to surprise by the smartness and cleverness of the reviewer.

It is easier to praise carelessly than to discriminate. The book-reviewing that is worth while is not the old-time savage slating of some wretched thing, or the long-drawn analysis of some trifling production of the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow order, but the selection for comment of that which is of literary value or informative substance or imaginative stimulus.

The right review brings together the right book and the right reader.

"What Do You Make of that Situation?"

IS the marital relation a concern of the community?

Or is it the concern only of the individuals involved?

Or is it perhaps the concern of both?

If so, where is the line to be drawn?

These are questions which we think will arise in the minds of all those who read Mr. Hagedorn's story in this issue. What does it mean to be good neighbors to Pete and Hilda? Is such a situation to be dismissed with Lockjaw Luke's remark, "Oh, I guess that's all right"?

We hope our readers will ask the question that was put to Luke: "What do you make of that situation?" And we hope that some of our readers will be inclined to write us brief letters telling us the thoughts that have occurred to them in reply to that question. We cannot promise to print all of these letters; but we do promise that if the results from this story prove interesting, we shall revert to the subject again.

Shall the Trees Save Congress or Congress Save the Trees?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

NOT long ago I spent a Saturday and Sunday in the country—a week-end, I suppose I should say if I were not so hopelessly mid-Victorian—with a friend who is jubilant because he has saved a black-walnut tree in front of his house by the most careful medical and surgical treatment, although at least one expert had given it up to death. On my friend's library table I found a reprint from the "Congressional Record" of a speech made on the floor of the House of Representatives last April which quite revived my faith in Congressional government. The speaker was the Hon. Martin L. Davey, of the village of Kent, in the State of Ohio, and his speech was about trees.

The first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress was so Episcopalian in its character—that is to say, its members might truthfully have repeated from the General Confession of the Book of Common Prayer, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us"—that the country at large has been disinclined to spare the miserable offenders. Unfortunately, there is a common impression that, while there is a large quantity of vociferously expressed opinions in Congress, there is very little knowledge or wisdom. Mr. Davey's speech ought to go far to correct that impression. It is wise, based upon expert knowledge, and, what is most hopeful of all, apparently aroused the interest and commanded the approval of his fellow-Congressmen, or such of them as heard it. Congress is human, and when one of its members makes a speech based on first-hand and accurate knowledge and free from prejudice or vituperative partisanship, he generally gets attention.

Mr. Davey was apparently not speaking in behalf of any bill, although at the close of his address, on being questioned, he said that the Clarke Bill—whatever that may be—is a start in the right direction. Now I do not know what the Clarke Bill is nor what it advocates, but if Mr. Davey says it is a good thing I am for it after reading his speech. The speech was not political, nor did it urge the interests of any special State or community; it was just about trees. Having described what a tree is—a living thing with a breathing system, a digestive system, a circulation system, and even a sexual system—Mr. Davey did speak in a most effective manner about the danger of forest devastation. Here are some of the interesting things he said:

> This is what happens out in the native woodlands. The rain comes down through the leaves and settles into the loose, porous soil and finds its way into the subsoil, and from there to the springs which feed the little streams, and they in turn feed the rivers. But man comes along and cuts away the forest covering, leaving behind him the débris, the leaves and chips and small branches, making a veritable tinder-box and a constant fire hazard. Then the fire sweeps over the land and destroys the remaining vegetation. Then, when the rain comes down, it sweeps across the surface of the land and takes with it the fertile top soil that nature has taken centuries to build up. It is said that it takes nature ten thousand years to make an inch of fertile top soil. The whole lower Mississippi Delta, in fact the whole lower valley, is made up of rich top soil that has been swept down from the interior.
>
> There is in Vinton County, Ohio, one township of 10,000 acres that tells the sad story of what has happened. I have this on the authority of a representative of the Forestry Department of Ohio. He told me that two years ago he went down to this place that was once covered with a magnificent growth of trees. The large trees had been cut away for lumber purposes and the smaller trees had been cut down to be used as mine props. Then the fire swept over the land and destroyed the remaining vegetation, followed by floods that took the fertile top soil. He told me that just three families exist in this whole township of 10,000 acres, and he went out across this land looking for other signs of life. He said, "I could not find a bird and not even a rabbit." So the destruction of timber is of more far-reaching importance than merely the loss of lumber. . . .
>
> I am reliably informed that the city of Columbus, Ohio, was threatened with a water famine a year ago last summer, just as many other cities have been threatened in the recent past. The people of Columbus were warned that there was a bare three days' supply in the reservoir. Their water is taken from the Scioto River, which

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was nearly dried up. Nothing but a providential rain saved them from the catastrophe. This condition is due very largely to the destruction of the woodlands around the head-waters of these streams. It is the woodlands that hold the water in check and allow it to seep out gradually. Without that there can only be alternating floods and droughts.

There is just one thing more that I want to say, and I would like to leave this with you as a concluding thought. All of us have heard for years past of the famine conditions in China. That country once had a wonderful covering of trees, very similar to that in America; but China, poor benighted land that it is, did what we are doing in America—cut away its trees and allowed the land to be burned over. The vegetation was destroyed over vast areas; then the water swept over the land and carried with it the fertile top soil. So there are millions of acres in China that constitute a barren waste not capable of producing vegetation. China has one crop in seven years, and in the other years of that period must look to the world for food to feed her teeming millions.

China has become, and will remain for long years, a land of perpetual famine because she has destroyed her forest covering, subjecting herself to the devastation of alternating floods and droughts, and has sacrificed the fertile top soil over such a vast portion of her domain. . . .

Gentlemen, I beg of you to consider this problem as among the very great and far-reaching things affecting America. Oh, there are many things of small importance on which we waste our time in useless discussion, while we are allowing the process of devastation and deforestation and wastefulness to consume the heritage which has come to us under the providence of God and through the heroic sacrifices of our forefathers, and we have disregarded the safety and welfare of our heritage.

That is my plea to you. I think there is nothing that affects the future of America more, and very few things that are of equal importance. Gentlemen, I hope it may be possible for us here to do that thing which is so necessary for our children and our children's children. Even though we may not personally suffer within our lifetime, let us do the thing that is obviously our duty, and protect America, and keep it worth while for other men in the future to live in and to admire and to love. I thank you, gentlemen. (Applause.)

It is really quite delightful to see how Congress can lay aside partisanship when it comes to a question of fundamental human existence. This spirit, of course, shows itself in time of war. A declaration of war is neither Democratic nor Republican; it is Congressional. While Mr. Davey is a Democrat, trees have no politics. Neither have birds. Seven years ago I commented in these pages on an extremely interesting speech that was made by the Hon. Edmund Platt, of Poughkeepsie, New York, then a member of the Sixty-sixth Congress, and now one of the Governors of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Platt was defending the game birds and song birds and supporting the legislation necessary to carry out the bird migration treaty between Canada and the United States. Mr. Mann, of Illinois, was then the Republican leader in the House, and in introducing Mr. Platt he said: "Mr. Chairman, I was to have five minutes, and I ask that the gentleman from New York, Mr. Platt, be recognized in my stead. He knows more about birds than all the rest of us."

We shall almost have reached the millennium when we elect men to Congress who are experts on at least one subject, and when the welfare of human beings is considered with as much wisdom and as little partisan prejudice as the welfare of trees and birds.

M. Herriot

A French View of the French Premier

By Ernest Dimnet

WHAT do people outside of France think of M. Herriot? Some who regarded M. Poincaré as a martinet have welcomed his successor as a true Liberal, a politician no doubt, but one who is pre-eminently human and will listen to reason; a plain, direct man too, averse to the methods of old diplomacy and preferring an honest, good-natured, man-to-man discussion of difficulties. With such a man, well known to have been a frequent and admiring visitor of Germany before the war, peace must at last set in; the evacuation of the Ruhr should be a matter of weeks, and the Experts' Report, carried out in an atmosphere of good will, must replace the impossible Versailles Treaty. To people viewing him in this light M. Herriot is, above all, a pacifist.

But there is another conception of the French Premier. Is he not the leader of a party calling itself the Radical-Socialist Party? Does he not himself refer to red as his color? Has he not been victorious in the election thanks to a combine with the Socialists? In fact, was he not returning from a pilgrimage to Soviet Russia when he visited America, less than a year ago? And has he not thought it advisable to explain in the latest issue of "Foreign Affairs" that he is less black than he has been painted, adding—which is neither perfectly true nor perfectly fair—that the gentle Briand sits in the Chamber with Deputies one shade redder than his (Herriot's)? The present writer recently found, to his surprise, that London is more apt to think of M. Herriot, the radical, than of M. Herriot, the pacifist, and if America does not do so yet, she soon will.

The truth of the matter is that M. Herriot is by nature an open-minded, open-handed man, kind and courteous, and one who would be sure to prefer frankness to tortuousness. He is a son of the people; his father died a major in the army, but M. Herriot has a rather silly way of bragging of his aunt, who was a cook in the home of M. Maurice Barrès; hence his partiality for people raised, like himself, above their original station, and the emphasis with which he stresses his preference for a man-to-man or pipe-to-pipe diplomacy. But this is only his natural disposition. A man is not only what he was born, he is also what circumstances make him, and circumstances have placed M. Herriot at the head of a party which is neither gentle nor courteous, and which will support him only in so much as he acts according to the motto of all the French Radical politicians: "Being their leader, I had to follow them." To this I shall revert later.

A Man of Culture

ANOTHER distinct element in M. Herriot is his literary turn. In Anglo-Saxon countries when you say of a man

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that he is literary this only implies a taste for book-writing. It means an addition, and not an exclusion. But in France it means a limitation. The French have an unfortunate capacity for being so enraptured with ideas or theories that the intellectual enjoyment of them is self-sufficient; to be literary means the exaggeration of this tendency, exaggerated as it already is. Now, I am afraid that M. Herriot is extremely literary. He is a man of exceptional culture. He is graduated from the École Normale Supérieure, the best seminary for higher education in Paris, and till he was thirty was exclusively a teacher and a writer. I remember the excitement produced by the publication of his masterly work on "Madame Récamier" some twenty years ago. Few names, if any, in the rising generation of French critics conjured up such probabilities for a brilliant career as M. Herriot's did at the time. But since then the future Sainte-Beuve has run on another tack. Not that he has given up literature. He is constantly heard from the lecturer's platform, and a few weeks before the election of May 11 I read a satirical article of his in "L'Œuvre" which he had thought it advisable to write in excellent hexameters.

But at the beginning of this century M. Herriot took an important post at the Lyons Lycée, and this modified his whole career. Lyons, the largest French city after Paris, is a rich, practical, serious-minded community. Its business-like spirit caught M. Herriot, whose ambition henceforth was to be an administrator. In 1902 he was elected a municipal Councilor. Two years later he became Mayor, and in a very short time his periphrastic countrymen ceased to call him "our most promising critic" to call him "the fascinating young Mayor of Lyons." From that time he devoted himself to the business of his city, studying the methods of municipal administration in Germany, England, and Austria, watching Frankfort in order to organize a rival fair, and developing both the financial and the commercial possibilities of Lyons with undoubted success.

It was inevitable that, in time, M. Herriot should represent Lyons in Paris. This happened in 1912, when he was elected to the Senate. During the war his reputation for executive ability caused him to be appointed Coal Commissioner, when this post was almost as important as that of Minister of War. In 1919 he gave up the Senate to enter the more agitated but more brilliant scene of the Chamber of Deputies. The banishment of M. Caillaux gave him a chance of becoming the leader of the Radical Party, and he devoted his five years in that difficult position to bringing about the combine of his own followers with the Socialists, which carried the election of May 11. Altogether the career of few politicians could be said to have been more rapid or more successful.

Yet why is it that so many fair-minded judges smile when they hear M. Herriot mentioned as a statesman? Simply because the national *flair* makes them scent the literary man under the Mayor, leader, and Prime Minister. M. Herriot says he is a disciple of Descartes and cares for nothing more than for lucidity in conception, which is the statesman's fundamental characteristic. But Bismarcks, Cavours, or Lincolns are never caught bragging about their practical capacities; they never refer to their successes as mayors, to their wide-awakeness or their remoteness from simplicity, nor do they go on repeating that they are the lovers of all mankind, and if it were possible for such men to irritate the Alsatian people at a juncture where it is all important that they should be humored they would never meet their reproaches with a grandiloquent but jejune allusion to the fact that the "Marseillaise" was sung for the first time at Strasbourg. Statesmen have a lucid *vision* of possibilities, whereas M. Herriot has only the scholar's habit of a clear arrangement of data. A neat, well-written book can be made up of well-chosen index cards, for, as La Bruyère said, "You can learn to make a book as you learn to make a clock," but millions of cards will not give an idea to a man who cannot have ideas. M. Herriot wanted, passionately wanted, to be of real service to his country as Coal Commissioner; he failed; and, remembering the earnestness of his purpose, he never could understand the failure. He still wishes with all his might to be of service not only to France but to the world now that a unique occasion at a crisis of unprecedented magnitude offers itself, but when the French public sees his benevolent face beaming good will on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald over a happy pipe in a peaceful field near Chequers Court they tremble for the future. M. Herriot is personally too lovable ever to be hated, but he can be dreaded, and most Frenchmen outside the party for which he is working wish he had never been unfaithful to literature.

Radical Leader but Socialist Ally

Apart from his personal limitations, M. Herriot is handicapped by his political position, which can be summed up in two words: he is the leader of the Radicals and he is the prisoner, much more than the ally, of the Socialists.

As I said above, the Radicals could hardly be more different from their leader than they are. He is all generosity, and they are grasping, vindictive, and full of hatred. It could not have been pleasant for M. Herriot to be compelled, as he was, to get rid of President Millerand in summary fashion and as if he had been a mere Mexican President. And it must have been a bitter necessity for him to begin his first message to the Chambers with a triple declaration concerning the suppression of the Embassy to the Vatican; the enforcement of the law on religious orders—that is to say, the renewed expulsion of poor nuns or monks who returned from their exile during the lull following the war; and, third, and worse than all the rest, for it cannot be done without the whole world hearing of it and being shocked by it, the enforcement of this same law and of the law on the separation of Church and State in Alsace and Lorraine. But Radicals are incapable of anything higher or broader than mere party politics, and, on the other hand, no master could ever enslave his dependents more brutally than they do their so-called chiefs. M. Herriot submitted to all their demands, and no amount of rhetoric and warm-hearted effusions can gloss over the melancholy fact that he is not a free man.

His position as an ally of the Socialists is even more uncomfortable. There are in the present Chamber 107 Socialists, without whose concurrence M. Herriot could not have beaten the Bloc National at the election, and without whose support he cannot have a majority now. But Socialists have distinctly more advanced notions than their allies. They are internationalists, and as such they always were opposed to the occupation of the Ruhr. But the Radicals and M. Herriot know that the Ruhr cannot be evacuated till the Experts' Report is enforced and reparations begin at last to be paid. As early as June 28 the clash between the Socialists and the Prime Minister was seen in a vote on that question. M. Herriot pretended to be indifferent to the support of the Bloc National, but his would have been a puny majority indeed had it not been for it. The same conflicts will reappear every time the Versailles Treaty has to be enforced.

This is not all. M. Herriot is bound by definite promises to the Socialists concerning interior questions, which are hardly less vital than the security of France. He has promised an amnesty which will restore to freedom, behind M. Caillaux, a number of dangerous individuals. He has promised officials, even

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in the Paris police, that he would not stand in the way of their becoming affiliated to the Syndicalist movement. Such concessions cannot be made without considerable danger to public order. On the other hand, he has promised the suppression of the taxes imposed by the Poincaré administration, and he intends replacing them by more or less disguised capital levies. But changing the system of taxation is always a bold experiment. M. Herriot will be compelled to make it to please his Socialist friends, but the reaction to such a step will be prompt, and it will be registered on the formidable barometer of the exchange. The exchange, in these troublous days, reigns supreme, and governments see their chances go up and down exactly as industrial or commercial firms do.

These are general considerations affecting the future of France and ultimately the welfare of Europe. However, they also affect the political future of M. Herriot. The world will judge him by his capacity to adjust the reparations and peace, but the subsidiary question of his maintenance in or his dismissal from office is left to the pleasure of the Socialists. Indeed, M. Herriot is in a precarious position, and will hardly have a chance of being judged fairly. But who is to be blamed if not himself?

Next week we shall print an estimate of the President of France by the well-known foreign correspondent, Charles Henry Meltzer

The Future of the English Labor Party

From an English Point of View

By Oliver Madox Hueffer

We are told that the old meaning of the word "king" was "the man who kens," which is to say, "who knows." This being so, King George V of England is a typical King in that he knows very much more about his country than those who are supposed to be his advisers. Especially he knows that the word labor does not mean the same thing in England that it does in other countries, European or even transatlantic.

A great many people in England and America saw "red" in more senses than one at the news that the Labor Party was in control of the Mother of Parliaments.

King George knew very well that Labor is in many ways the most conservative, even reactionary, of the political parties, and that incidentally by welcoming a Labor Prime Minister into the seats of the mighty he was doing much to safeguard the monarchical system of government in England for centuries to come.

The main trouble about the Government presided over by Mr. MacDonald, an ex-school-teacher and as much a Labor man (if you mean by Laborist a man who works with his hands) as the Prince of Wales, is that the English have a fatal habit of labels and are not particular that the labels are accurate so long as they stick. It is called a Labor Government, and thus gives shuddering visions to the smaller *bourgeoisie* of bearded Russians setting the world ablaze with torch and petrol can, when actually it is a Government of what in England is labeled the lower middle class, the most conservatively "respectable," timidly unprogressive class in the nation, clinging fast to the ideals and conventions of the Victorian age, when the rest of the country has left them far behind. It is made up, that is to say, of the school-teacher (especially the young woman school-teacher), the commercial clerk, the small tradesman, the poorer Nonconformist minister and his flock—just that class, indeed, which in the very nature of things is most hidebound mentally, being educated up to the point of believing itself educated but not of knowing in the least what education means. It is just as much afraid, perhaps more so, of the real working class, immediately below it, as are the professionals or class immediately above it; more so, indeed, for it is less certain of itself. If you require proof of this, consider the attitude of those "Labor" leaders who are nominally in power or the right wing of the party towards the Glasgow extremists or left wing. It is very much more conservative than the upper class, popularly known as the aristocracy—although there is not now and never has been an aristocracy in England in the Continental sense—because, being educated only in book-learning, it has little power of constructive thought. The son of an English duke is a plain commoner even though he bear by courtesy a title which has no legal reality. His grandson may very likely be a laborer carrying a hod in helping to build the factory rising where formerly stood his ancestors' feudal keep. Similarly, the laborer's grandson may equally become a duke or, as is actually happening to-day, a High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, the King's direct representative, with the ducal title of "his Grace." In trying to adumbrate the future of Labor in England this must never be forgotten.

Be it remembered also that of all peoples the English are unique in their individualism, and especially in the sense of property, and that of all the English the working class has this last most strongly inborn. As you descend what is usually called the social scale, you find this instinct of possession always more deeply ingrained, and for reason. The small shopkeeper cherishes what he owns very much more closely than does the merchant prince, simply because it were very much more difficult for him to replace it if lost. The artisan who has saved enough to buy his own house and plot of garden clings to it very much more closely than does the duke's son to his ancestral acres, simply because it has been achieved with very much more difficulty. To-day, as it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth, it is the "younger son" of good family who is ready to adventure into new countries, while the small owner adventures not at all, lest he may lose the little that has become his with so much toil and anguish. There are people, even of the lowest class, in England who would attempt Red revolution if they could. But they are not English. There are many Communists in Scotland, but they are not Scottish. They would not exist, indeed, were it not that for years before the war Labor in the Lanarkshire coal mines and elsewhere was largely recruited in Russia, Lithuania, or Poland. It is a fairly safe assumption that if you hear of an extremist of ex-

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Seated (left to right): William Adamson, Secretary for Scotland; Lord Parmoor, Lord President of the Council; Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Viscount Haldane, Lord Chancellor; James Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister; John R. Clynes, Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader of the House of Commons; James Henry Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Arthur Henderson, Secretary of State for Home Affairs. Second row (left to right): Charles Philips Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education; Stephen Walsh, Secretary of State for War; Brigadier-General Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air; Viscount Chelmsford, First Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Olivier, Secretary of State for India; Noel Buxton, Minister of Agriculture; Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Vernon Hartshorn, Postmaster-General; Thomas Shaw, Minister of Labor. Rear row (left to right): Sidney Webb, President of the Board of Trade; John Wheatley, Minister of Health; F. W. Jowett, Commissioner of Works

(c) Elliot & Fry. From International

The first Labor Cabinet of Great Britain in front of 10 Downing Street

ceptional volubility bearing some such name as MacTavish or MacNab the name of his father was Abrahamavitch, a son of the Ghetto.

The British workingman is not at heart interested in politics at all. He is extremely interested in his trades union, not for political reasons, but because it bids fair to procure him a bigger share of the property pie than he can otherwise hope to obtain. Fundamentally, the English trades union is a body of privileged persons, claiming for its members the greatest possible share of the good things of this world, directing its aggressive campaigns as much against all other workingmen who do not belong to it as against the employer, who already owns more than it deems his share. Red revolutionists when they endeavor, as they are eternally endeavoring, to gain control of the great trades unions are foredoomed to failure, because they must combat, not only those members who already own property, but those also who hope to do so even though it be no more than a quarter-acre plot.

When shallow observers marvel unintelligently at the sight of a Labor Minister donning a Windsor uniform or a cocked hat and spurs to wait upon the King, they show their ignorance for human nature. When Mr. James Brown, the working miner, becomes Lord High Commissioner, with a red coat and a sword, and receives the homage of dukes and marquises, he is in no way false either to himself or to his class. Since he was a very little boy it has, you may be sure, been his dream, just as it has been the dream of most of us, some day to wear a cocked hat and spurs and to be called "your Grace" or some such equivalent and to sit in high places. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, abandoning the preaching of divine discontent for party purposes, admires himself in his Windsor uniform before the Downing Street mirrors, flanked by Mr. Henderson or Mr. Clynes or Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, all equally interested in the set of their tunics, they are not betraying but representing the ideals of their class. Paradoxical as it may sound, King George never made a gesture more popular with Labor Ministers than when he directed that those appointed officials of his Court must wear the appropriate uniforms. To a man, they were dying to, but, being new to the joys of office, were not very sure how their constituents might take it. By his tactful royal command King George won their devotion for good and all.

Your little English boy, of whatever origin, dreams that some day he will be a fireman or a policeman, not because he feels himself to have any vocation, but because he wishes to wear the helmet of authority. It is not without reason that the story of Dick Whittington, street waif destined to become thrice Lord Mayor of London, is among the most popular of English folk sagas. Nor is it that Dick Whittington became the worthiest of Lord Mayors and as such has been acknowledged by the English people ever since as the very type of a dignified, kindly, efficient magistrate. For the English are the truest of democrats; the only people who, while preserving their titles of nobility as symbols of the individual success in life which each in his heart hopes and perhaps believes may be his, are also the only people who do not demand that a duke must have so many quarterings of nobility before he be *Hof-fähig,* or worthy of royal recognition. His hod once abandoned, his coronet assumed, the new-made lord becomes at once as noble as any descendant of the Plantagenets. So it will be with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his supporters, risen from whatever origin. Once they have become Ministers and Right Honorables, they will be judged by their deeds and their deeds alone, and by that judgment once delivered take their places high or low in the scroll of English history. It is because, wittingly or instinctively, they realize this, as the King realized it before them, that they are now approaching their task with a hesitancy, if you will, certainly with a sense of responsibility, which drives those extremists who hoped such handsome hecatombs

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from their advent to power. The agitator, become dictator, realizes the limitations of the possible as deeply as he who has for long generations been trained in the science of government.

Snobbish the English may be and are, as witness the fulsome outbursts in the "stunt" press, which certainly could have occurred in no other country in the world, at the sight of all the King's horses and all the King's men devoting themselves to the service of those who yesterday stood humbly by the roadside to see them pass. But snobbishness is one of the driving wheels of human nature—yes, even in republics—and perhaps not the most unworthy. At least we may be sure that there are no snobs in Moscow, or there would be fewer blood-stains on the pavements.

That a Labor Government of the English model does not mean Red revolution is, then, obvious enough. What is less so, though equally true, is that, should it hold office for any appreciable time either as at present constituted or after the next general election, it will inevitably become the most conservative—reactionary, if you will—of the three great political parties. Such has been the lesson of all English history. Power, concentrated at first in the hands of the monarch, progressed steadily downwards by regular steps through those of the feudal baronage, the great landholders, industrialists, and the upper middle class, until to-day the smaller *bourgeoisie* is supreme. Each starting under the guise of progress, if not of revolution—you may be sure that King John regarded the Magna Charta barons quite as unfavorably as does Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the Glasgow extremists to-day—each having gained its desires, settled down to enjoy them. Each left others to pass it in the race and, while no wit changing its opinions, gradually passed backwards through all the grades from progressive to reactionist. It is characteristic of the present so-called Labor Government that it evidences this inevitable trend more quickly than has ever been the case hitherto. The baronage did not lose their reputation for leading the nation for two centuries and a half when the Wars of the Roses finally destroyed them. The industrialists held their place in the van for nearly three-quarters of a century. Mr. MacDonald has not been in power six months, yet already Liberals and Conservatives alike, to say nothing of his own left wing, are united in attacking him for hidebound conservatism in housing, armaments, unemployment, or what you will. As the almost inevitable crushing out of the old Liberals between the upper and the nether millstone will probably insure the return of the Conservatives at the next election, this progress may be slackened. Whether or not, we may be very sure that in very much less than half a century what is now called "Labor" will be struggling desperately to hold back the nation from experiments in progress which its more timid supporters fear may threaten their class and individual prosperity.

When that day comes, we may also be sure that a tactful monarch will be welcoming Comrade Wullie MacNab and Geordie MacTavish at Buckingham Palace, gently chiding them for the lack of democracy shown in their bushy beards and scarlet neckties, and thereby gaining from them a devotion no wit less absolute than had Lord Stafford for King Charles I, Lord Melbourne for Queen Victoria, or Mr. (later perhaps Earl) Ramsay MacDonald and his Ministers for the "kenning" man George Windsor.

Tokyo Vignettes

Some Impressions of a Non-Exclusive but Discriminating Wanderer in Japan

By George Marvin

DOWN the steep grade of an Azabu-ku street comes a bicycle boy at full speed, hauling behind his wheel a trailer loaded with mixed groceries for delivery. About half-way down the hill, a dash of caution affecting his youthful exuberance, he tries to slow up in order to make the right-angle turn into a side-street. But at that most needful moment his coaster brake fails to work, and the whole convoy is precipitated full tilt into the side of the nearest shop.

With instinctive skill, the boy deflects his wheel just in time to make a glancing instead of a head-on collision, and then he and his groceries are catapulted helter-skelter into the street. The boy is spread out in the air like an avenging angel over Egypt, but the glimpse one gets of his face and his flying young body is unforgetable—even while he is falling that boy is getting up. His mind and senses are possessed with recovery, not with disaster. His whole physical and moral being anticipates, adapts itself to the next move. He is going on.

Hardly does he touch the ground, so promptly he rolls over and regains his feet, and with a laugh goes after his scattered marketing, unconscious that he is demonstrating a typical cross-section of resolute young Japan.

THROUGH the gate from General Nogi's house, which now is a national shrine, three men pass silently. The civilian clothes they wear cannot conceal the unmistakable signs of long military training. The soldier is eloquent in their bearing and movement; their weather-beaten faces are etched with the fine lines of discipline and hardships and dangers overcome. But each strong face, eyes bent upon the ground, is drawn now with the effect of deep emotion held in restraint. At the gate they turn and walk together down the street without a word. Soon they reach the corner where the road dips down, whence there is a last view of the white memorial column standing inside Nogi's humble compound.

And there the three men pause, and stand and slowly uncover and bow their heads in a parting reverence to their old commander, to the great general who took his life because he could not live for sorrowing over the brave lives of his countrymen who had been sacrificed in their thousands under his command. Motor cars and trams go noisily by. Children flock past, laughing, from the neighboring school. Carts drawn by bulls and horses and men creak and rattle over the roadway. Rickisha-men shout warnings unheeded. There in the sunshine, bareheaded and upright, oblivious of all about them, stand Nogi's veterans at salute.

"Hail and farewell!"

IT is Saturday night at the Imperial Hotel, a caravanserai by Maxfield Parrish out of the "Arabian Nights"—more like a dream than a waking reality,

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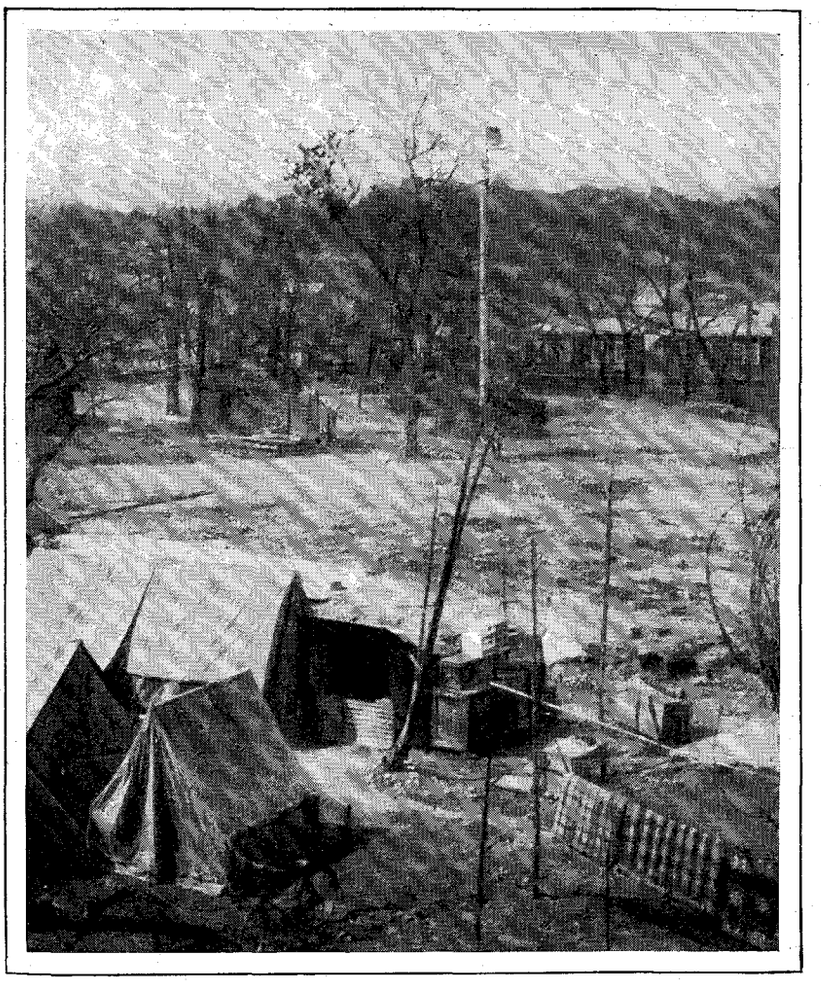
except that it is easier to find your way in the dream than in the hotel—and the regular Saturday-night dinner dance is on. In the high-arched dining-room every table is taken, even back into the sequestered alcoves where it is difficult to see and be seen, and dancers are massed in the cleared space in the center, where they jostle and squirm and wrestle and gyrate and bump in approximate cadence with the noise of a conscientious Japanese jazz orchestra stationed in the balcony; a patient, very weary jazz orchestra, which time after time, even unto the seventh degree, responds to the encores of the insatiable jazzers below.

The arched openings of the balcony, which reaches, partly inclosed and partly under the sky, completely around the dining-dance room, are crowded with lookers-on, most of them Japanese women and girls in their graceful national dress, and they seem to look down with wistful expressions upon the antics of their sisters below, who, in kimonos or European clothes, their pretty ears concealed by absurd ear-tabs of their own hair in conformity with Western styles, are showing as much agility in the imported dances as though born to them. Little the onlookers understand how much more lovely they themselves appear. The wrestling down below goes appropriately with the new motor cars, the American movie films, the "Sheik" substitutes for music.

Among the rest a Japanese gentleman in evening dress stands with his little daughter, enthralled. He looks a person of consequence, dignified though very short. His little daughter's head is almost on a level with his own, though she cannot be more than fourteen years old. Her short skirts reveal a pair of sturdy legs in black silk stockings and her black silky hair hangs in a long European braid, tied with a broad ribbon, down the back of her white "middy" blouse. When the weary orchestra stops to get its breath and change its music, they stand, these two, with the rest, looking down on the stock exchange below. But every time the band begins with a new dance measure father and daughter move off, expressions of entire content upon their faces, dancing perfectly together all the way, tirelessly through each dance with its interminable encores, back and forth across the shadows of the unoccupied balcony floor.

ABOUT the Imperial there's a touch of "guilty glorious Babylon." The Yamamura "residential hotel" is *tout à fait* Japan. In the dining-room mine host, in his silk kimono, throws dice for ante-prandial cocktails with his polyglot guests. There is the Yorkshire engineer who has camped in the mouth of the Khyber and been sniped by Afghans, and says "rupees" instead of "yen" because of a previous condition of long servitude in Bombay. He gets four sixes in two throws—above the average at the Yamamura—and forthwith passes the dice-box to his neighbor, a Russian who has been on speaking terms with the Imperial Ballet under the Czar in Petersburg and calls the erstwhile lovely Karsavina by her nickname. But he has no luck with the dice, and slams the box temperamentally down on the bar in front of the bland Secretary of the Swedish Legation, a graduate of Oxford, who is a great sailor of racing sloops at home in Stockholm. Four fives is the best he can do. Then comes the turn of the Scotch motor-car salesman, with a "burr" in his speech as refreshing as a northwest wind on an August day. This boy fought the Turk at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia—"Mess Pot," he calls it, in alluding to the sizzling valley of the Tigris-Euphrates—and carries a silver plate under his curly hair where they trepanned him at the hospital in Malta. The Polish exaviator, descended out of the air now to accountancy in a Japanese firm, throws five fives and goes out on the first round.



"Camp Woods"—all that is left of the American Embassy in Tokyo. The flag flies each day from the stump of the old staff over the tents where the Embassy servants and employees are camped

Up and down the bar the dice-box travels, with a running accompaniment of several kinds of English, until eventually mine host, amid great laughter, is eventually "stuck." An excellent sportsman, he takes his defeat smiling. "Tin roof," says the Bombay engineer, meaning that this round is "on the house."

At their several individual tables the other guests eat their excellent dinner, cooked by a Japanese chef who learned his trade during twenty years in Paris, and smile indulgently at the progress of the play. The Brazilian Consul is screened by his outspread "Japan Times," the back page of which his lovely daughter reads meanwhile. The Minister from Finland—who is the image of Kipling—gravely sips his tea. Two smug British clerks eat and drink and preserve silence correctly together. The stout Austrian milliner and her slender Japanese assistant talk in low, animated tones, the American journalist in his corner reads home letters, and "Tommy-San," most remarkable of waiters, pounding around on his O'Sullivan heels, anticipates and meets the needs of all.

Content is the *motif* of that room, non-exclusive and undiscriminating. Self-respecting and mutually respectful, these

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humans, differing only in the unessential trappings of life, get along harmoniously day by day on the unconscious working basis of the Golden Rule.

THE nocturnal streets of Kojimachi-ku are silent under the stars in a velvet June sky. Right and left loom the massive mediæval walls of Yedo, made of huge blocks of stone, surmounted by the tops of trees which grow within the hidden confines of palaces. The noises of the city, subdued to a monotone, come faintly from far away.

Now ahead on the darkness of the ravine-like street falls gently, like an autumn leaf on still water, the clear note of a flute. But this is not the minor complaint of a Japanese instrument. Silver clear comes the music, in melody sure and strong and sweet, like the reed of the Great God Pan, "plucked from the reeds in the river." "Samson et Delilah" first, and then, with a sudden shift, "Suwanee River;" a pause, followed by exotic "La Paloma," the alien airs transforming the shadowy Tokyo street to adventurous ways in other foreign lands. Nearer and nearer comes the hidden minstrel, until, under the yellow glow of a low-power Mazda bulb, he passes on his way, a Japanese boy in his floating kimono skirts and flapping slippers, his student's cap on the back of his head, whistling himself homeward through the night.

THE Diet is in session on this fateful first of July. The members of the House and visitors as they enter pass one by one through a narrow chute where each one is searched by two policemen for concealed weapons. Policemen line the back of the chamber and are posted in the front and rear of every gallery. Every seat on the floor is taken. The galleries are jammed this hot day to suffocation.

The bamboo hanging curtain at the back of the rostrum lifts, and the Speaker enters and takes his place on a kind of throne, his secretary in a lower chair beside him. After a moment the curtain lifts again, and the Cabinet, headed by Viscount Kato, file through and take their places. The curtain hangs so low that each person entering seems to be making an obeisance to the House. The Cabinet sit to right and left of the Speaker's throne in the front row of the raised platform, thus confronting, point blank, the fan-shaped rows of the seated members. The Premier sits first upon the right, flanked in order by Mr. Shidehara, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, who in that capacity is to make his maiden speech; by Mr. Hamagouchi, the Finance Minister, and General Ugaki, the Minister of War, who, in full uniform, glowers from behind a pillar. First on the left looms the huge frame of Takahashi, head of the Seiukai, a man with a Monte Cristo biography who looks like a prosperous British squire or an American banker of the older school. He moves with informal ease, hands in trousers pockets, and as the speaking progresses closes his eyes and lets his chin subside upon an enormous expanse of white waistcoat. The other Cabinet officers sit at his left, the slight figure and intensely Asiatic face of Mr. Inukai, Minister of Communications, standing out from his more European colleagues.

The Cabinet are all in semi-formal dress, but the members of the House wear every conceivable combination of European and Japanese clothing. Not many kimonos are in evidence; here and there a man keeps cool in flannel or pongee or pure white duck. Everywhere, on the floor and in the galleries, fans are constantly moving like the wind across a wheat field. The attention is very close, the applause prompt but brief.

The Premier rises to make his address, the outline of the policy of the new Government, long awaited. He seems singularly humble in manner for so strong and independent a character. He reads his address with bent head from a manuscript which he unrolls from right to left. His voice is indistinct, casual, calm. Immediately in front of him the stenographers come and go in relays of two, taking down his utterance in English shorthand. Intent upon his message, his face is grave and noble in its sincerity. Row upon row his hearers listen with faces alert, intelligent, finely drawn and molded.

MY way to the Gaimusho (Foreign Office) takes me past the ruined inclosure of the old American Embassy at Enokizaka-machi, Akasaka-ku. The encampment of the few marines and Embassy servants on the grounds has given the place the post-earthquake name of "Camp Woods," in memory of the late much-loved Ambassador of the United States. On the broken staff which rises among the khaki-colored tents I notice that the flag is not flying to-day, as always before. Tact possibly, I reflect, on this dreaded first day of July, when the hated Exclusion Law goes into effect, but rather ignoble tact at that.

As we reach the bottom of the hill and the coolie steps out in his long gear again, I notice a lot of people running in one direction, men who look as though they suddenly had abandoned indoor jobs, women, many children—all looking and pointing in the same direction. The police box at the corner is empty and white-uniformed figures of policemen are running up the cross-street near the Tokyo Club, a hundred yards away.

Undoubtedly some "incident" has taken place, one of the many anticipated for this day of demonstration and national humiliation. But it will be in the afternoon paper or in to-morrow's "Advertiser."

Half an hour later at the Gaimusho a white-faced secretary passes hurriedly through our conference room on his way to the chief's office.

"Have you heard?" he says. "The affair at the Embassy? Most unfortunately, one of our people, some student or irresponsible person it must be, has cut down the American flag from the flagpole and taken it away with him."

Time the obliterator, time the restorer. Yesterday afternoon was electric, as though thunder clouds hung over Tokyo. To-day again in my rickisha I roll down past the old Embassy compound, heading for the Imperial Hotel. A cordon of white-coated police surrounds it, looking like pillars in a colonnade or fence-posts in a barrier from which the rails have disappeared. The old flag that was cut down yesterday was a soiled small affair, altogether out of proportion to its staff. Now the whole top of the staff is draped, this breezeless afternoon, in an enormous flag whose limp folds hang half-way to the ground. My rickisha coolie, without slackening his pace, looks around at me and grins. On top of an adjoining ruin kneel three Japanese photographers, with a policeman over them, shooting up the new Stars and Stripes with their machine-gun cameras. And in the meantime Mr. Foreign Minister Shidehara has called upon Mr. Chargé (not Charge, as the reporters print it) d'Affaires Caffrey at the offices of the American Embassy in the Imperial Hotel, where they have been since the earthquake, and in the name of the Imperial Government apologized for the incident. All the Tokyo vernacular newspapers, censored to uniformity, run non-sensational accounts of the affair—such is the discipline of this nation—the newly appointed Chief of Police has handed in his resignation, and we are hoping that the Hearst papers will behave. Time the adjuster!

Ah, yes; but the American flag has been cut down by a Japanese, and most of the public only read the head-lines. Congress began this thing when the waters were untroubled. And every incident, no matter how trivial or insignificant in truth, will pile up the resentment and increase the estrangement between peoples who really want to be friends and were friends.

Tokyo, Independence Day, July 4, 1924.

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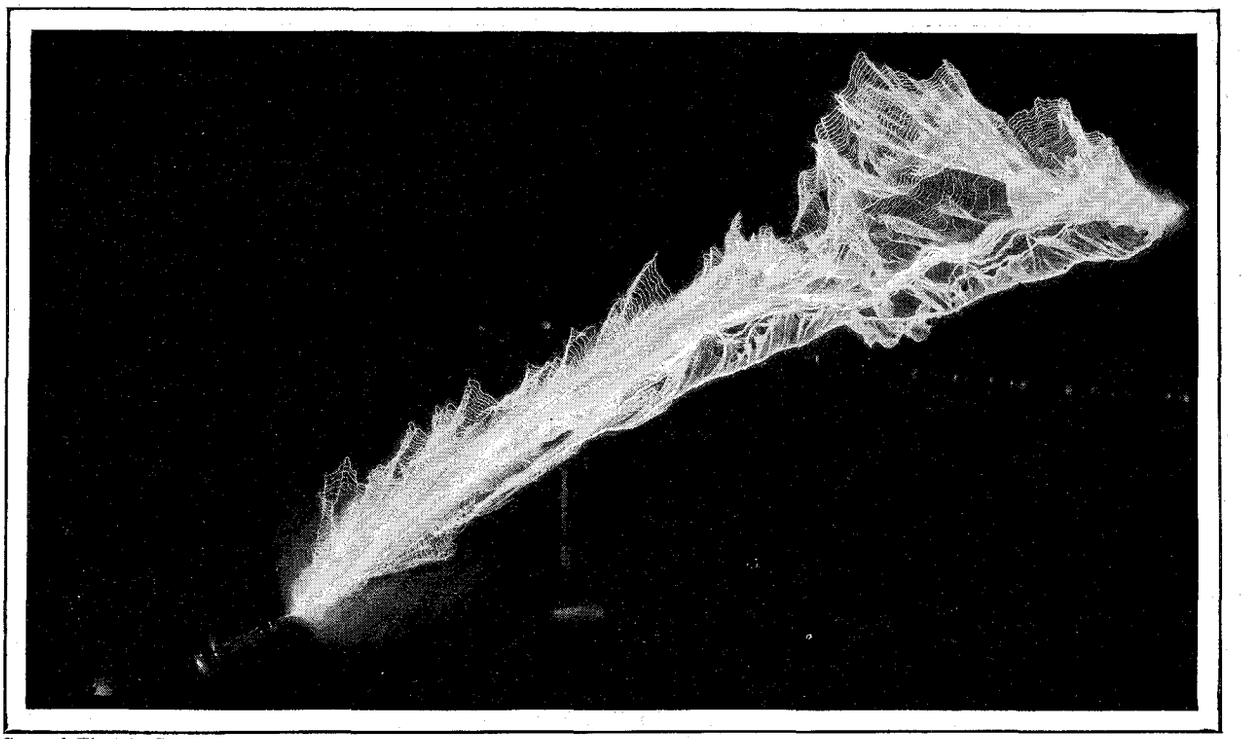
The Strength of



General Electric Company

An Electric Spark Fourteen Feet Long

High-voltage experiments in the laboratory are necessary adjuncts of the gigantic power developments illustrated on this and the opposite page

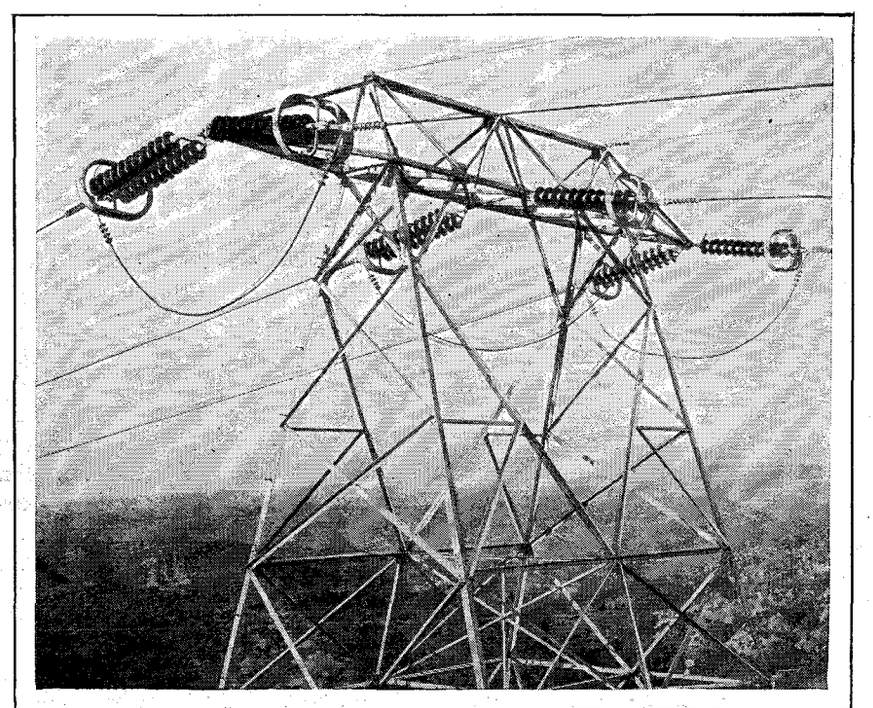
THE electrical engineer needs no statue in a public square, no niche in the Hall of Fame, because he is building to himself, with no egotistical purpose, more impressive monuments than any triumphal arch or rostrate column in the world.

There is the stuff of odes and epics in these establishments where man is exerting the strength of the lightning. The profound influence they exercise upon public affairs, upon the economic adjustments of nations, makes them objects of absorbing interest to every enlightened observer.

An accident of language has hindered their adequate appraisal. It is a pity Watt chose equine rather than human labor to measure the capacity of his pioneer steam-engine. If it were customary to express the performance of electrical plants in man-power instead of horse-power, the statistics concerning them would have a more vital meaning.

Niagara, we are told, is yielding useful energy at the rate of 650,000 horse-power. This is far less to the point than the fact that it is doing the work of thirteen million men. At this one spot on the map tireless machinery yearly relieves mankind of a vastly greater sum total of slavish toil than it took to rear the Pyramids.

CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN.



Southern California Edison Company

A Line that Carries 220,000 Volts

This steel tower, with its long strings of insulators supporting the transmission lines, helps us to sense the mightiness of the latest electrical undertakings in California. In 1900 the highest voltage used on power lines was 40,000. Up to five years ago the maximum was 150,000. Now two companies in California are transmitting current hundreds of miles at 220,000 volts. The line here shown is part of the Southern California Edison Company's Big Creek project, which utilizes water from the melting snows of the high Sierras to generate electricity. When the whole system of this company is completed, about 1935, it will supply 1,400,000 horse-power of electrical energy and will have cost about $325,000,000

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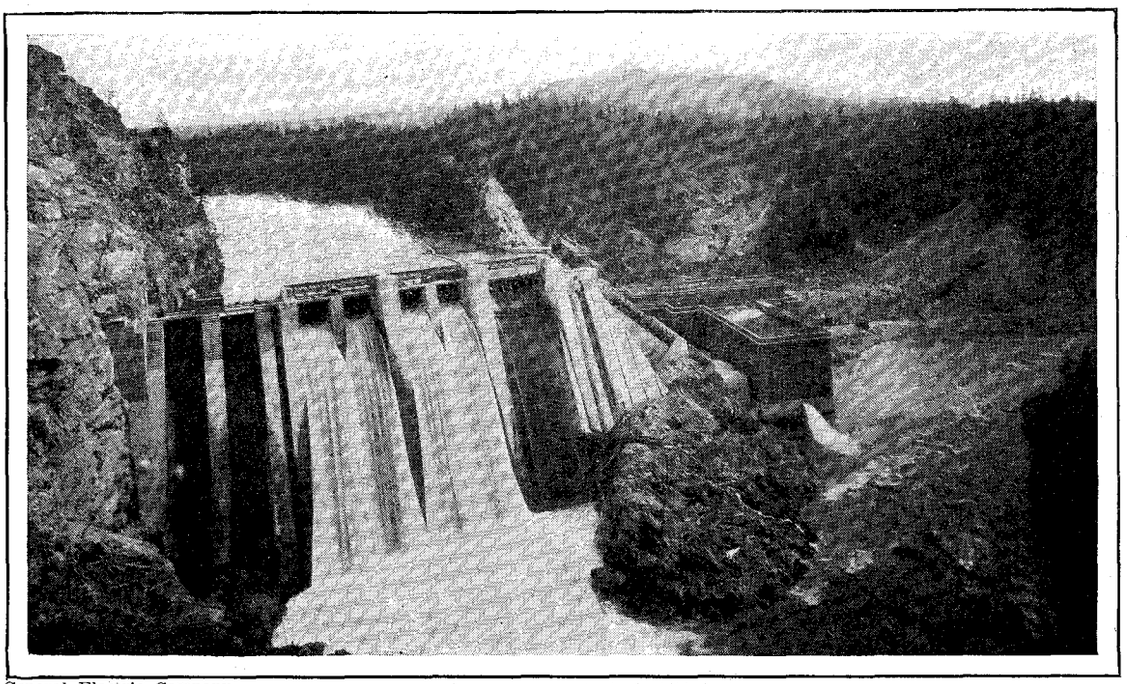
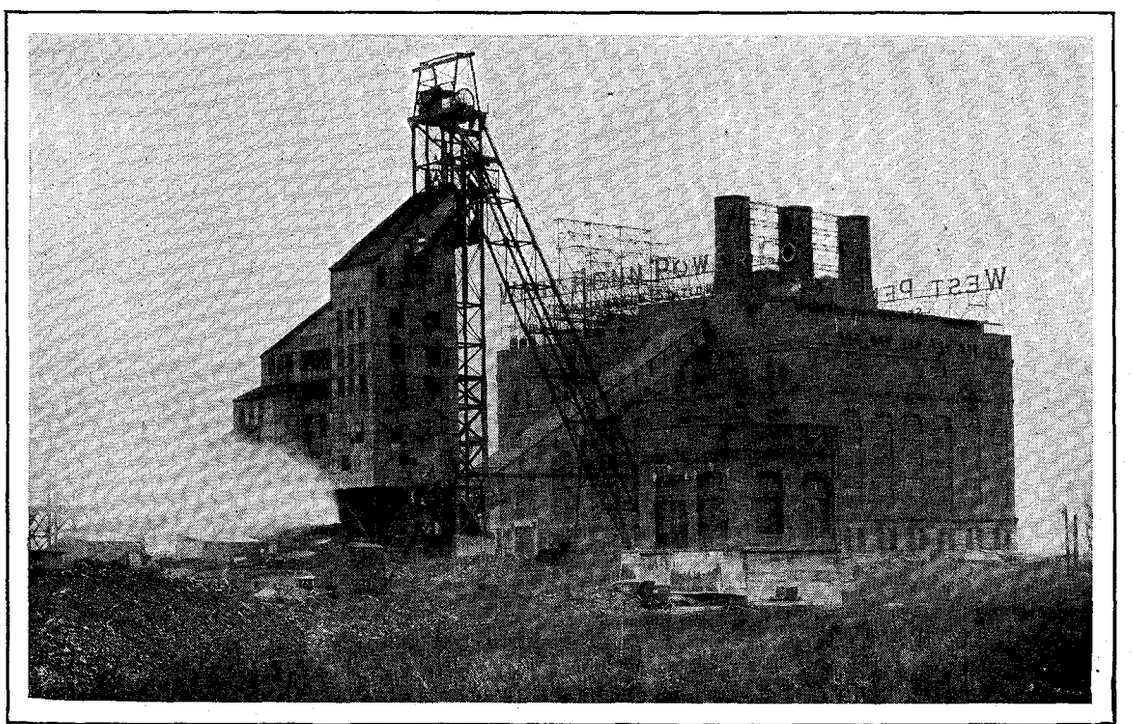
the Lightning



General Electric Company

A Man-Made Cataract Rivaling Niagara

Electrical engineers are not content to harness ready-made waterfalls. In utilizing mountain streams for power purposes it is a common practice to build great dams in order to obtain a sufficient head and continuous supply of water. This picture shows the Long Lake station of the Washington Water Power Company, on the Spokane River, one of the plants supplying power to the electrified sections of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway. The water pouring over the spillway of this dam forms a cataract 170 feet high—a greater height than Niagara—and backs up the water for 23 miles. The power-house is seen around the bend of the river, to the right



Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company

Generating Electricity at a Coal Mine

Mouth-of-mine power plants have been much talked about, but are still comparatively uncommon. The most celebrated one, here shown, is the Springdale plant of the West Penn Power Company, near Pittsburgh, erected during the war with the aid of the Government in order to facilitate the production of war materials in the Pittsburgh district and diminish the amount of coal carried by the railroad. The tall structure to the left is the head-frame and tipple at the top of the mine shaft. Here the coal is hoisted out of the mine, crushed and screened, and then carried by belt conveyors into the power-house

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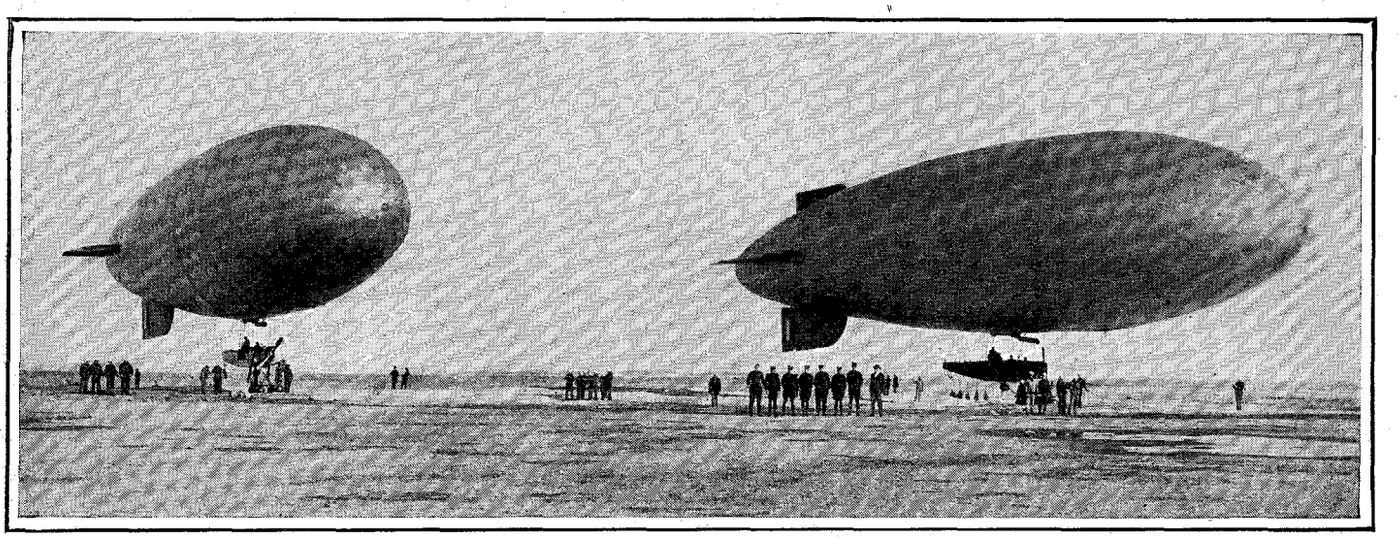

Some day the air may be spotted with air yachts very much like these United States Navy blimps

Why Not the Blimp?

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

THE summer of 1918, a fine hazy day off the south coast of Ireland. The destroyer on whose bridge I stand is strolling at twenty knots to keep her date with an outward convoy off Liverpool, when out of the blue sky on the port hand a fusiform shape springs into view. Indeed, it is already so near that our Old Man says hard things to the lookouts for failing to spot it before.

We are amazed at the ease with which the dirigible overtakes us, but our amazement changes to admiration when her pilot steadies her on a course parallel to our own and, dipping gracefully to a position perhaps a hundred feet above our mastheads and a little to windward, keeps pace with us while his crew proceeds to semaphore a message.

"Have spotted enemy submarine lying on bottom inshore; will lead you to her," he says—or words to that effect.

Our reply is a foregone conclusion, and without waiting even to receive it the "blimp" (as this type of small, non-rigid airship is called) heads for the distant blue hills and makes knots. Although she has a head wind of 15 knots to buck and we are running now with all four "cans" lit off, she leaves us astern as if we were anchored.

Arriving inshore, we discover two sister blimps circling leisurely to mark the place where Fritz is lying at rest 150 feet below the surface. One of them drops a smoke bomb to show us the exact spot, and we rush over it and start letting go the deadly depth charges.

Now this is not told in an attempt to glorify what was, after all, an inglorious episode in modern naval warfare, but rather to illustrate the surprising practicality of the blimp. We had a further demonstration of it half an hour later. The bombing ended, I was ordered out in a small boat to collect a sample of the oil which by this time was bubbling copiously to the surface. While engaged in this duty we in the boat were startled to hear the gentle purr of a motor overhead, and looked up to see the smallest of the three blimps so near that with a long fishing-pole we could have touched the bottom of her car. She held herself almost motionless against the light breeze, so that the three men on board leaned over the side and chatted with us as though they were in another boat.

"Any one who is sufficiently alert to handle an old-time Cape Cod catboat single-handed," says Mr. Rowland, "would probably have little difficulty with a small blimp."

"Say," exclaimed my coxswain, "that thing's a regular ship! If I ever go up in the air, that's the sort of craft for mine."

FIVE years, to the day, after the episode just related a different sort of transportation was claiming my earnest, if unhappy, attention. The road which I had been following for some hours northward through the Connecticut hills had "struck bottom," and that bottom consisted alternately of glacial boulders and soft mud. Fine holding ground for an anchor the latter would have been, but my justly exasperated flivver required no mud-hook to keep her from dragging; it took a jack and half a dozen fence rails to get her out!

And then, while Lizzie and I were crawling painfully up to the crest of the next awesome granite swell, I looked out across the lovely valley which stretched ahead as far as one could see, like some noble strait, and imagined myself floating serenely down it in a blimp. Lizzie read my mind, and balked on the spot.

To be candid, I am one of those to whom the airplane has never greatly appealed as a means of seeing the country. Its ways are too sudden and aloof. It savors of the character of an impetuous Irish hunter that would rather crack his fore legs on a six-foot stone fence than jog through the fields and permit me to let down the bars. It lacks composure and has never attuned itself to the intimacies of hill and dale. But the blimp—well, from what I have seen it occurs to me that there we have perhaps the future touring car of the air.

This remark would probably sound trite in England, where on any fine day during the war a blimp or two could be seen in the air by an observer near the coast, but in this country, with its surprising backwardness in matters aeronautical, the idea seems to prevail that the airplane is the only practical form of air-

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craft—with the huge, rigid type of dirigible perhaps running a very poor and uncertain second. Indeed, when you say "dirigible" to any hundred Americans ninety-nine of them picture at once an immense fabric like the British R–23 or our own Shenandoah. This is the type developed by Count Zeppelin and brought by him to a high stage of perfection even before the war. Its essential characteristic is a rigid framework of marvelous strength and lightness and exceedingly intricate design. But here we are dealing with a *ship*, a huge liner which for structural reasons cannot be duplicated on a smaller scale. Like its prototype of the sea, it must give solid land a wide berth and choose its harbors with the greatest circumspection. Even more than the airplane it is dependent upon auxiliary equipment in the way of landing-fields and housing. There is nothing informal about the "rigid."

While this type is unquestionably the last word in airship design, it is not by any means the whole story. The blimp bears very much the same relation to the rigid that a power boat does to a steamship. The name is slang, of British naval origin, and that in itself betokens intimacy. Briefly described, the blimp consists of a non-rigid fish-shaped gas-bag carrying a car in which is located the propelling machinery. The car, of course, also contains the crew and whatever accommodations may be provided for their comfort. Originally it was open, but in some of the more recent British models a portion is housed in like the fuselage of the big passenger planes. Propulsion is achieved by one or a pair of ordinary airplane motors driving propellers of rather less pitch, as is required by the slower speed at which a blimp proceeds. The motors, however, are in the car and readily accessible to the operator, instead of being suspended from the gas-bag in separate gondolas, as in the larger rigids. Thus control is centralized and made a one-man operation. Any one who is sufficiently alert to handle an old-time Cape Cod catboat single-handed would probably have little difficulty with a small blimp.

It seems indisputable that Americans are making a great mistake in ignoring the existence of this type of relatively small, compact, and handy aircraft. But before discussing the uses to which they may be put it would be well to disarm objectors by stating in categorical form some of their achievements. I have spoken of the machine developed by the British navy and have given a concrete example, as an eye-witness, of its capabilities. The following quotation from the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica refers to the same subject:

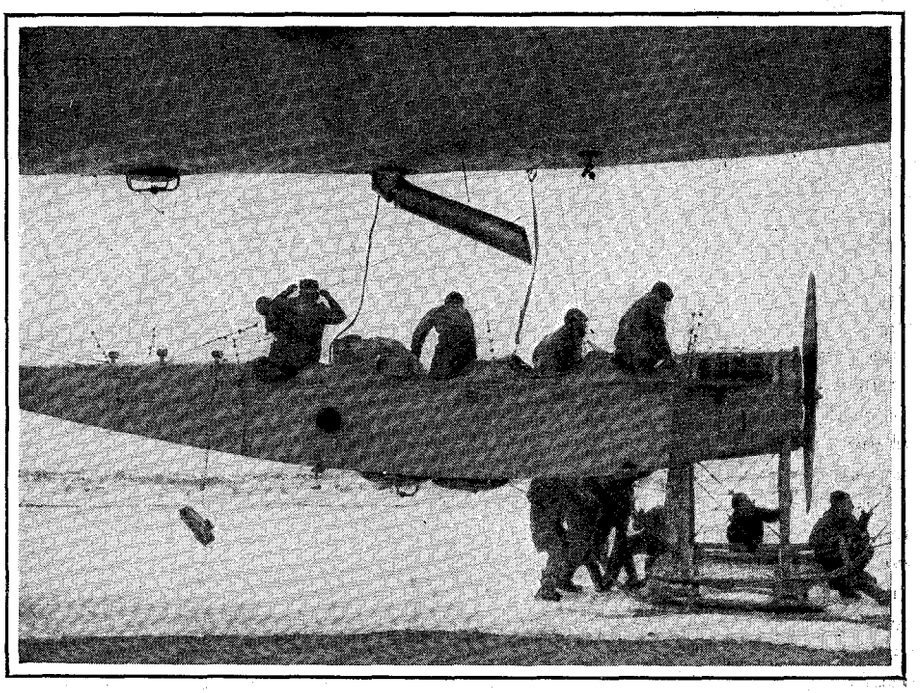
"As indicating the regularity of the patrols, it is interesting that in 1918 from January to November there were only eight days on which there was no airship patrol. As showing the life of a ship, that of Coastal No. 9 at her patrol station in Cornwall may be quoted. She was inflated on July 1, 1916, and deflated on September 14, 1918. *During these 805 days she flew 2,500 hr., or an average of 3 hr. 6 min. per day, over the whole period.*" The italics are mine.

This is brief and enlightening, but some further interesting facts may be gleaned from a table subjoined to the article just quoted. The Coastal type of non-rigid to which No. 9 belonged was 196 feet long, had a useful lift of .9 ton, and was propelled by two engines aggregating 330 horse-power. She had a maximum speed (in still air) of 40 knots (46 statute miles) and a cruising radius of 19 hours at that speed. In other words, she could go 874 miles—or from New York to Cleveland, Ohio, and return—without stopping for gas; and could make the round trip, if pressed, in 22 hours "steaming." This example assumes, of course, a flight in which the wind does not enter either as an aid or a deterrent.

As opposed to this it may be objected that air currents do, as a matter of fact, either help or hinder, and that their effect, when contrary, is apt to be more detrimental than their aid is helpful. No doubt this is true, as is also the fact that a severe storm is apt to work havoc with a blimp; yet that record of ten months of air patrols over the coast of Britain, with only eight days when the ships could not go up, seems very impressive to me, for I have a poignant remembrance of the sort of weather we suffered even in a destroyer. There were surely that many days when the average steamship could hardly make headway at sea, yet no one presumes to advance that as a reason for not building ships!

And now as to the side of practical utility. The Coastal type just described was the largest non-rigid built by the British navy during the war. It is so far outclassed by the airplane in speed and by the great rigid dirigible in carrying power that there seems little place for it in commercial development. But precisely the same thing was true of the automobile twenty-five years ago. Many of us who have only a sprinkling of gray hairs among the brown remember well the day when the wiseacres turned up their noses at automobile building as an industry. Every "solid business man" pointed to the fact that the "auto" could never surpass the express train for sustained speed or the freight train for capacity, and gave it as his opinion that an industry which depended solely upon a demand for "pleasure cars" for its support was not worthy of serious consideration.

Like the automobile, the blimp may be a widener of horizons. Granted that she cannot attain the same air mastery as either the great rigid or the plane—what of it? Is not the very charm of a sailing yacht the fact that her crew must be forever on their mettle to outwit wind and weather? What real sailor takes any



"Perhaps the future touring car of the air." This happens, however, to be a Navy blimp ready for a flight

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pleasure in a steamer? Similarly the very limitations of a blimp, combined with her capabilities, hold out at once a challenge and a lure. And in this combination resides the soul of sport. To start out on a fine day and sail over some enchanting stretch of country at a moderate speed so that one can see and enjoy it, to shut off the motor and drift, or remain motionless for a while above some lovely valley or arm of the sea, and then resume the journey at will *and at the speed desired*—here surely is a dream come true. Who, being a sailor born or bred, does not thrill at the very thought?

The question is not how large and powerful a blimp can be built, but how small and cheap. Figures on cost are very difficult to obtain, since the development has been so largely a governmental one, but so far as the actual construction is concerned there seems no reason why it should not compare favorably, from the buyer's view-point, with that of sailing yachts of equal over-all length. The only really expensive thing is the envelope, and when this is standardized and manufactured commercially it should certainly not be so costly as a fabric of wood and metal. The smaller British naval blimps, with a capacity for only three men, flew successfully and required engines of very moderate power. Leakage of gas has been reduced to a minimum and danger of fire or explosion rendered practically nil; it may be made entirely so by inflation with helium, of which this country possesses the sole available supply—unfortunately, not yet available commercially, but that is a disability which time and the demand must overcome.

There is to-day no dearth of data on airship construction, but for the non-technically minded (and especially for the sportsman) a far more interesting field of study and experimentation lies in the actual management and navigation of his craft—the "seamanship" of the air. And this is a field in which one may still be a pioneer. To a sailor the most fascinating part of Count Zeppelin's experiments are the problems of pilotage which were worked out. Air pilots soon discovered that currents were a matter to be seriously reckoned with; the choice of flying level or even of a route might be so made as to turn a head wind into a fair one; a thunder-storm in one valley might be avoided by crossing over to another which ran parallel to it; a heavy cloud bank on the windward side of a ridge exchanged for clear weather under its lee, and so on without end.

All the problems of sea navigation are presented unsolved or only partially solved, and in a vastly more complicated form, to the enthusiast in this new ocean of the air. The coasts of America have been charted for surface ships and their hidden dangers of reef and current put upon a map, but the whole extent of the continent still lies fallow under the keel of the aeronaut; and if America is to overtake Europe in the use of lighter-than-air craft it will need more than the efforts of a few devoted military and naval aerographers to do it. Every flight made by an airship adds new data, and such data may be of inestimable value to the Nation at no very distant date.

If I have seemed to slight our own Navy in this brief account, it is only because I have chosen to take examples from things which I have seen. As a matter of fact, the Navy has great achievements to its credit in lighter-than-air navigation. Its present policy seems to favor the big rigids, for which there are doubtless sound military reasons; yet the fact remains that the most of its experimentation and training has been done with blimps. Some day the story of this branch of the service may be written, and it will add fresh luster to naval annals. Suffice it here to call attention to the fact that the pictures which illustrate this article are photographs of United States Navy blimps.

Bryan, Radio, and Religion

By FREDERICK HALL

At least one "listener-in" has found a resemblance between two very different men—William J. Bryan and Robert G. Ingersoll. The resemblance is something more than the fact that both bear the title Colonel

A SHORT time ago the latest marvel of that science which is in some quarters so deeply distrusted brought the Hon. William Jennings Bryan and me into a closer intimacy than would a few years ago have been possible or easily imaginable. He was addressing a Southern audience upon the theme "Is the Bible True?" while I in slippered ease at my own fireside, five hundred miles away, was hearing perfectly every word that he said. The knowledge of who Mr. Bryan is may, I suppose, be safely assumed. That his effect upon me may be judged, I may be briefly introduced as a country storekeeper; of lectures and sermons I am the ultimate consumer; I might even pass for that oft-cited individual the man in the street. Further, let me add that I am a member of a Christian church, have not been corrupted by a college education, and, while not of Mr. Bryan's political faith, have certainly no prejudices against him; indeed, I own myself deeply in his debt, for his services to the cause of National prohibition.

One blessed privilege of the radio fan is that of being able to quit an audience without offending a speaker or disturbing a neighbor; but, having tuned in, I listened with enjoyment until the end, for Mr. Bryan's address was clear, witty, eloquent, and bore the impress of conviction. But he disappointed me, and, in part at least, because he said far less than I had hoped he would about his theme, though it was doubtless good strategy not to stand upon the defensive, but to sally forth to meet the invader, hurling upon those who questioned the Bible's truth the thunders of his eloquence, the lightnings of his wit.

A chosen champion, doing valiant battle with the forces of unrighteousness, he must have appeared to many of his hearers; but as I listened I found myself haunted by a disquieting memory of something similar yet widely different. Some other brilliant man had in like manner spoken upon religious themes, though with other purpose, and when at last I brought together these vague and scattered wisps of recollection I was surprised to find that the man of whom I was thinking was the late Robert G. Ingersoll. Neither would, I fear, be complimented by the comparison, yet I cannot but feel that the resemblance is striking. Trained special pleaders both, armed to the teeth with wit, humor, eloquence; dazzlingly swift in thrust and

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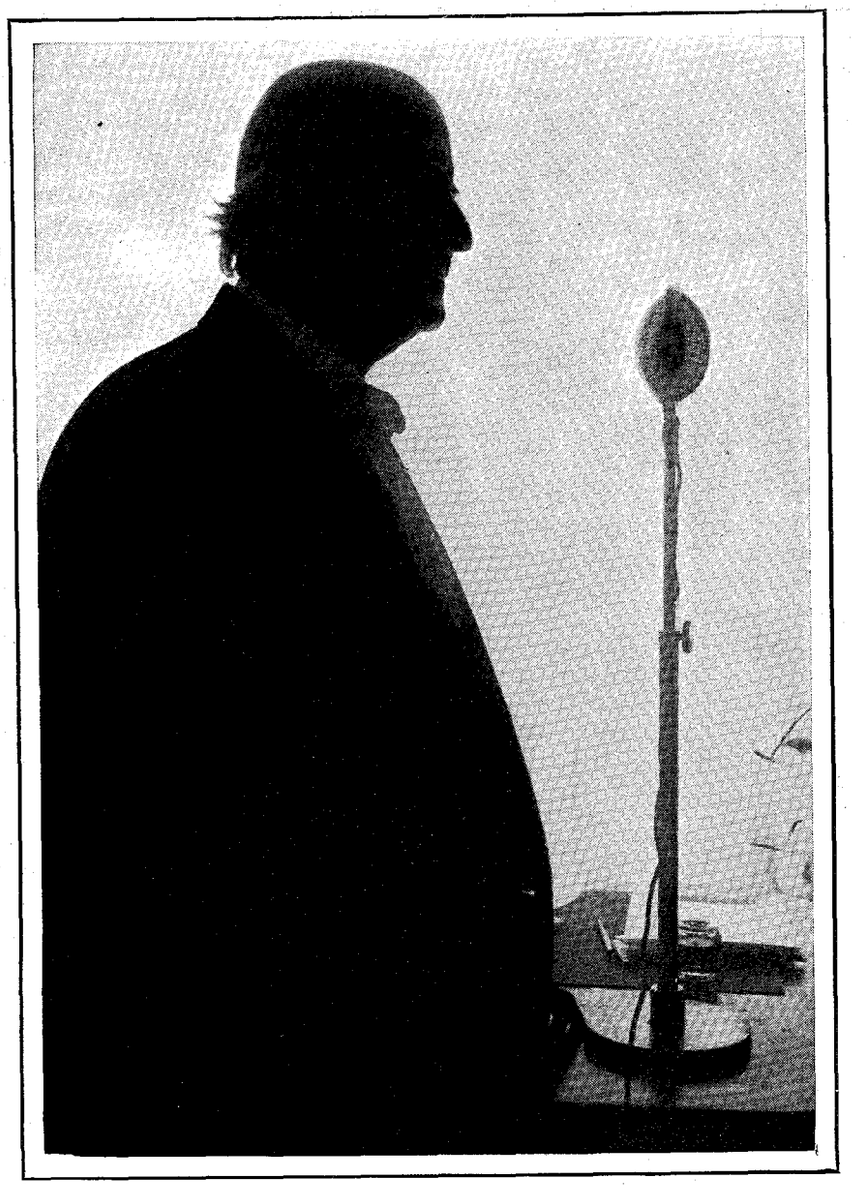

International

Colonel Bryan at the microphone

recovery; both with sympathetic, far-reaching voices, commanding the fountains of tears and laughter; and both clearly visualizing, and making their hearers visualize, a strong, destructive, militant adversary. Colonel Ingersoll's foe was orthodoxy; Mr. Bryan's appears to be the evolutionist and the colleges; but with both we look, alas! in vain for a clear-eyed, humble, reverent attitude toward truth. It is recorded that he who seeks shall find and that he who asks shall receive, but Mr. Bryan neither seeks nor asks; and Colonel Ingersoll neither asked nor sought—they both "knock." And knocking of this sort seldom brings illumination. As an exhibition of dialectic skill it is entertaining; otherwise it leaves a man like me untouched—especially when removed many miles from the speaker's magnetic presence.

Thousands of men value the Bible today no less, I believe, than did their fathers, yet view the truth of the Bible as something quite different from what it was to an earlier generation and what it appears to be to Mr. Bryan. One man I once knew was so literal-minded that he maintained that the creation hymn of the morning stars was audible or ever there were ears to hear it, and found support for his interpretation in the Pythagorean theory (I think it is Pythagorean) of the music of the spheres. I have never yet met any man so literal-minded as to maintain the exact truth of the similar Scripture which speaks of the floods clapping their hands. That is poetic, of course. But the admission that, while one Biblical sentence must be taken as literally true, another may be construed as true in a poetic sense only, opens the door upon a vast field of interpretation, a field demanding exploration and survey, and in which the ultimate authority must come (or so to the average man it would seem) from explorers and surveyors.

The Bible, simply because it is bound in one cover, continues for many people to be one book. Yet it needs no sort of special training to recognize that it is not a book. Matthew is a book, Ruth is a book, The Song of Solomon is a book; but the Bible is a literature. And it needs no sort of special training to recognize that this literature contains writings of many diverse sorts. Science (the science of the times in which it was written; what other science could it contain?), Orientalisms (the local color of the lands in which it was written), history, biography, poetry, drama, folk-lore—all these things and many more are to be found there, and men like me, with little specialized knowledge, cannot but feel that in a case of history or folk-lore the historian and the folk-lorist ought to be welcomed rather than warned off; and that in criticising their findings or those of other specialists wit and eloquence are somewhat beside the mark. We feel, some of us, as about the tariff, that it is a tragic mistake to have made it a matter of common controversy. The truth of the Bible should be taken out of religious politics, and the vast number of technical questions which it involves (some of them important and some, we think, quite trivial) should be passed upon by a board of impartial, qualified experts.

We value eloquence and wit, but in deciding some matters we find them confusing rather than enlightening. To discomfit an adversary is by no means the same thing as to answer fully and candidly a complicated question; a very good illustration of Mr. Bryan's serving as a case in point, since nothing at all is proved by it, yet no opponent could hope to answer it without courting the jeers of the groundlings. Witness the illustration: he himself, Mr. Bryan declares, no less than the most rabid evolutionist, agrees that there is milk in the cow, in the cocoanut, and in the milkweed; as to the facts they are in perfect agreement, but he refuses to believe that, because milk is found in all three, therefore the cow and the cocoanut are descended from the milkweed. Of course the crowd laughs; no one with any sense of humor could help laughing; five hundred miles away I chuckled rapturously. Only, it is just word juggling, like so much of Colonel Ingersoll's brilliancy. It has no bearing upon the facts, for these brands of "milk," far from being identical, are merely fluids that look alike; they are no more the same thing than the bat swung by Babe Ruth, the bat used for stuffing a home-made comfortable, and the bat said to inhabit cerebral "belfries."

And so Mr. Bryan, while he entertained, disappointed me. He did not anger me, and when he is "on the air" I shall tune in again. I would by no means have him silenced, and, by the

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same token, I would put no restraint upon the most "evolutionary" college, so long as no one is compelled to send his children there. But to men like myself, who have little knowledge of evolution, higher criticism, and such weighty matters, I would offer this bit of what seems to me common sense: We, who employ electricians and efficiency experts and certified accountants, shall we not hesitate before we discard the findings of other experts, though urged thereto by however great a celebrity? For, granted that doctors sometimes disagree, even then—even where they disagree as widely and as belligerently as the Modernists and the Fundamentalists—the average man can generally find sufficient whereon to stand in the ground they hold in common. Both in this case, for instance, agree perfectly as to the supreme position of Jesus of Nazareth and the authority of his teaching.

A distinguished predecessor of Mr. Bryan in the high office of Secretary of State recorded the conviction that

Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Can we believe that he is going to be hard upon one who, ignoring disputed points of doctrine, seeks humbly and earnestly to live for men?

By no means, I have said, would I have Mr. Bryan silenced, and yet there is, I believe, a real danger in his propaganda—the grave and ever-present danger that men shall be led to think of religion, not in terms of character and conduct, but in terms of orthodox opinion; that not love but the giving of prompt, vehement, and prescribed answers to certain test questions shall come to be the fulfilling of the law. The scholar's poise and breadth of view are not to be looked for from men like me, and some of us may be as far misled as was the old Negro who exclaimed, fervently: "I'se bruk de Commandments, I'se bruk 'em all time an' agen, but, bress de Lawd! I'se never los' my religion."

Pete Halliday's Housekeeper[1]

By Hermann Hagedorn

IT is the magical hour of the day in the Green Creek country of Montana, when the sun has done his worst and the barren buttes and the level stretches of bottomland rise out of the blank coma of noonday into unexpected and captivating life. In the colorless and characterless coulées appears a strip of shadow, that widens; and suddenly I am aware of the bold magnificence of the butte that casts it, the sharp outline, the barbaric red and yellow and purple; darkness at its base, a flame of carmine at its peak. The cedars stand like ladies of some sylvan court facing the king, with the dusky trains of their green garments stretching behind them. In the level lands each clump of sage-brush seems of a sudden to have individuality. It is as though a valleyful of sleeping dolls had suddenly become a valleyful of waking children.

Says Lockjaw Luke, my companion: "There's a ranch under them cottonwoods where the dry creek bed comes down. Belongs to Pete Halliday. Quite a feller Pete is. We'll jest drop in on him."

Twice I descend from the dusty flivver to draw back and replace the great buckles of barbed wire that obstruct Pete Halliday's private pair of ruts he calls his roadway. We draw up beside a clump of gnarled, unlovely trees. They are very old; their thick bark is furrowed deep like the faces of very old men; their limbs are dead or twisted; their sparse leaves look out of place on those leprous boughs.

Pete Halliday comes out of the front door as we approach and gives us a friendly greeting. He is tall and well-made, with a long, narrow, rather fine head; a straight nose, suggestive of power; brown eyes, not to be disregarded; in years half-way, perhaps, between thirty and forty. He wears overalls tucked into high boots and swings a sombrero in his hand.

"I must ha' dreamed you was comin' an' forgot about it," he remarks, "for I've just got my housekeeper to make some ice-cream. It was so blamed hot, I just made up my mind thar was no use foolin' with it. Come in the house. It's cooler."

We enter. The living-room is furnished in the canonical style of suburban "improvements"—divan and Morris chair, bookcase and square center-table, phonograph and upright piano.

"Pete!" calls a woman's voice from the rear of the house. "Come along, I'm ready." It strikes me how rich and full and young the voice is.

"You come hyar," he calls back. "Got some friends hyar that wants to meet yo'."

"All right." I hear her singing a few bars of a tune I do not recognize. In a minute she is standing in the doorway.

A WEEK in the Green Creek country has not been an adequate preparation for this first vision of Pete Halliday's housekeeper—this vivid face set on a valkyrie's frame, slender and powerful; these glowing cheeks; this shimmering, golden abundance of hair, fastened, in the habit of a past generation, like a crown on her head; these flashing teeth in a scarlet setting.

She plays the hostess without embarrassment. "Now, if you want that ice-cream, Pete," she remarks, gayly, "you'll have to turn it. That's a man's job. The custard's in the freezer. I'll entertain your friends."

She does so, not without grace. She is obviously Scandinavian, possibly Swedish—what the Green Creek country calls Souwegian; but her English is without blemish.

"Hey, Hilda!" calls Pete from the direction of the kitchen in his deep voice. "She's stiff as sixty below. Where d'ye keep the ladle?"

"In the drawer of the kitchen table."

"Hilda!"

"Yes, Pete."

"What plates 'll I use?"

With a gesture of mock despair, she runs to the kitchen. They return together, bearing four heaped and crowded saucers.

"I don't know how Pete ever got along before I come," she exclaims. "He's so helpless."

"He ain't so helpless on the range, ma'am," remarks my companion. "Pete's a plumb good cowman, I'm tellin' you now."

She gives Pete a swift glance. "I guess I know that, eh, Pete?" she says, with laughter in her eye.

"I had a small herd rounded up on the bottom the other day," Pete explains, "an' in the night along come a electric storm, an' they stampeded, an' Hilda come along an' helped me stop 'em."

Her eyes are like the open doors of a furnace. "I think I never lived before."

"I reckoned she was goin' to get killed

[1] See editorial.

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sure," interpolated Pete. "But, say, she an' that bronc' was just like words an' music."

"Stop talking about me!" she exclaims with a laugh, suddenly rising. "You'll make a fool of me, and yourself too. Your friends want some more ice-cream, anyway."

We do not demur, for her ice-cream is excellent. She turns to the piano and makes us all sing three-year-old ragtime. Night has fallen before Luke and I remember that we have thirty miles to go before we reach the destination we have set ourselves. Before we go we give our pledge to return in a week. There is to be a round-up with a "circus" attached on the adjacent flat, with cider and good food; all the neighbors are coming; we must not fail to be there. We give our promise, and depart.

The flivver pounds along the uneven and treacherous ruts, discouraging conversation; but it is something besides the rattle of loose mud-guards that keeps us silent. It is a full half-hour before I turn to old Luke and put the question that has been on my lips ever since we left Pete Halliday's hospitable threshold. "What do you make of that situation?"

His head is outlined against the starry sky; he is staring straight before him. "Oh," he remarks in a quiet drawl, "I guess that's all right."

I am not unaware that I have been rebuked.

THE round-up proves all that Pete Halliday and his valkyrie have said it would be. From a dozen directions the cattle come loping to the center of the field, pursued by the yelling cow-punchers. There is stamping and bellowing and dust and pungent cattle odor; swift dashing into the herd; dodging and wheeling in the midst of the dark-red moving mass; swift dashing out, the lariat flung, the cow laid low, the calf thrown, captured, dragged to the fire, bleating wildly, branded, set free. The odor of burnt hide is in the air. Pete Halliday is everywhere at once, a romantic figure in his elaborate "full-dress" outfit of carved leather.

In a deep grove of cottonwoods by the side of the highway a hundred cars are parked. In the Green Creek country the word "neighbors," I find, is conceived in large terms. I meet a ranchman I know whose ranch is fifty miles away; I am introduced to others, and find that they have come seventy-five miles, a hundred miles, a hundred and fifty miles. They have all brought their families, and as the cars drive up, one after the other, it seems to me that I have never seen so many babies together in my life. They seem to brim over the side-doors like rice over the edge of a saucepan; there are foreign faces among them, some Scandinavians, many Russians. My friends are of the old American stock, with infusions from Nova Scotia. I look to see if there are lines of cleavage in this social gathering—cliques, barriers, isolated elements. Some of the Russians, I note, are shy and keep in the background, but their children mingle freely with the others.

The chuck-wagon, flanked by cider barrels, is the center of interest, and at the chuck-wagon, with infinite gayety, presides Pete Halliday's housekeeper. Out in the open, with the soft wind blowing loose strands of her shimmering hair, she looks more than ever like a daughter of Odin. She plays the hostess with dash and a rough charm. I do not wonder that the ranchmen and cow-punchers reveal inconceivable appetites; but I note, not without a mild amazement, that the women, who do not seem to be eating more than women eat in other parts of the world, also linger about her—old women and young women, matrons with children at each hand and girls in divided skirts and flying hair, who dash up to the tail of the chuck-wagon on their ponies and chat with "Miss Hilda" as they munch their sandwiches, and dash away once more. There is no suggestion that any one in that altogether happy gathering is conscious of a fact of which all must obviously be aware, that Pete Halliday's household is not one which most civilized communities would regard with equanimity. I discover no lifted brow, I hear no slighting word spoken. Perhaps it is her own complete freedom from self-consciousness, but "Miss Hilda" moves among the matrons as one of them, almost as their leader.

There is racing and bronco-busting on the wide green flat under the shadow of the gaunt buttes; laughter and taunts as a rider is bucked into the sage-brush, clapping and cheers as another rides in review with the refractory animal subdued to his hand. There are endless coffee and cider and ham and talk of yesterday; plain talk always; in groups where there are no women plain talk embroidered at the edges with profanity such as would melt the type that strove to reproduce it. But no word against the fair valkyrie.

"It was a great party," I remark to Lockjaw Luke as we turn the flivver's stubby nose homeward. "I rolled in the dust wrastling a calf and my clothes will never be what they were, but I had a magnificent time."

"Waal," drawls old Luke, "we can't show yo' much style, but I reckon folks' hearts is 'bout as right here as anywhere in the world." He pauses. "People is different out here from what they is back East, I no way doubt at all. They say they's no more frontier; they're wrong. An' on the frontier yo' never wants to get to wonderin' too much 'bout anything or anybody. Neighbors is scarce. Yo' got to close one eye now an' ag'in, an' now an' ag'in yo' got to close two. An' if it ain't a question o' thievin' yo' give the other feller the benefit o' the doubt. An' I ain't seein' no particular signs that the country's goin' to smash at that."

He makes no reference to Pete Halliday and his high-spirited housekeeper, but I know it is of them he is thinking; it would be impossible not to think of them, so completely their vivid figures have dominated the gay hours.

"Why don't they marry, Luke?" I ask, irrelevantly.

He is slow to answer. "Waal," he says at last, "for one thing, he's got a wife back East who won't live with him an' won't turn him loose; an' they say he's a slave-driver. He works his men to death, an' I reckon his wife didn't have no easy time. I like Pete. He may kill his men, as they say, but he's good to horses, an' that goes a long way wi' me. As for the Souwegian lady, I guess that's all right."

He drops back into silence. There is a young moon that makes the valley as unreal and as beautiful as a canyon of swaying boughs at the bottom of the sea.

A YEAR, and I am in the Green Creek country again. As we jiggle and clang along the ancient ruts, I ask Luke about my friends; last of all, I ask about Pete Halliday and his valkyrie.

"It's too bad about Pete," remarks the old man, meditatively. "I guess he had a set-to wi' that Souwegian housekeeper of his. Anyway, she up an' left him and took up a claim down by Crazy Woman Creek or thereabouts, in Wyoming; least so they say, an' them that's saw her says she ain't the same woman. Pete he's hittin' the booze pretty hard; sold a lot of his cattle, lettin' the ranch run down. I've been thinkin' perhaps there was sumpin' there that wasn't right."

He pauses. "Waal, it ain't my business. But I told my wife a week ago, I was glad, if they had to smash, they did the smashin' themselves. They say God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. But men—*an'* women—is always overready to think he ain't on the job. I reckon Pete Halliday an' his lady 'll get on solid ground quicker because there's no neighbors to blame for the grief that got 'em both."

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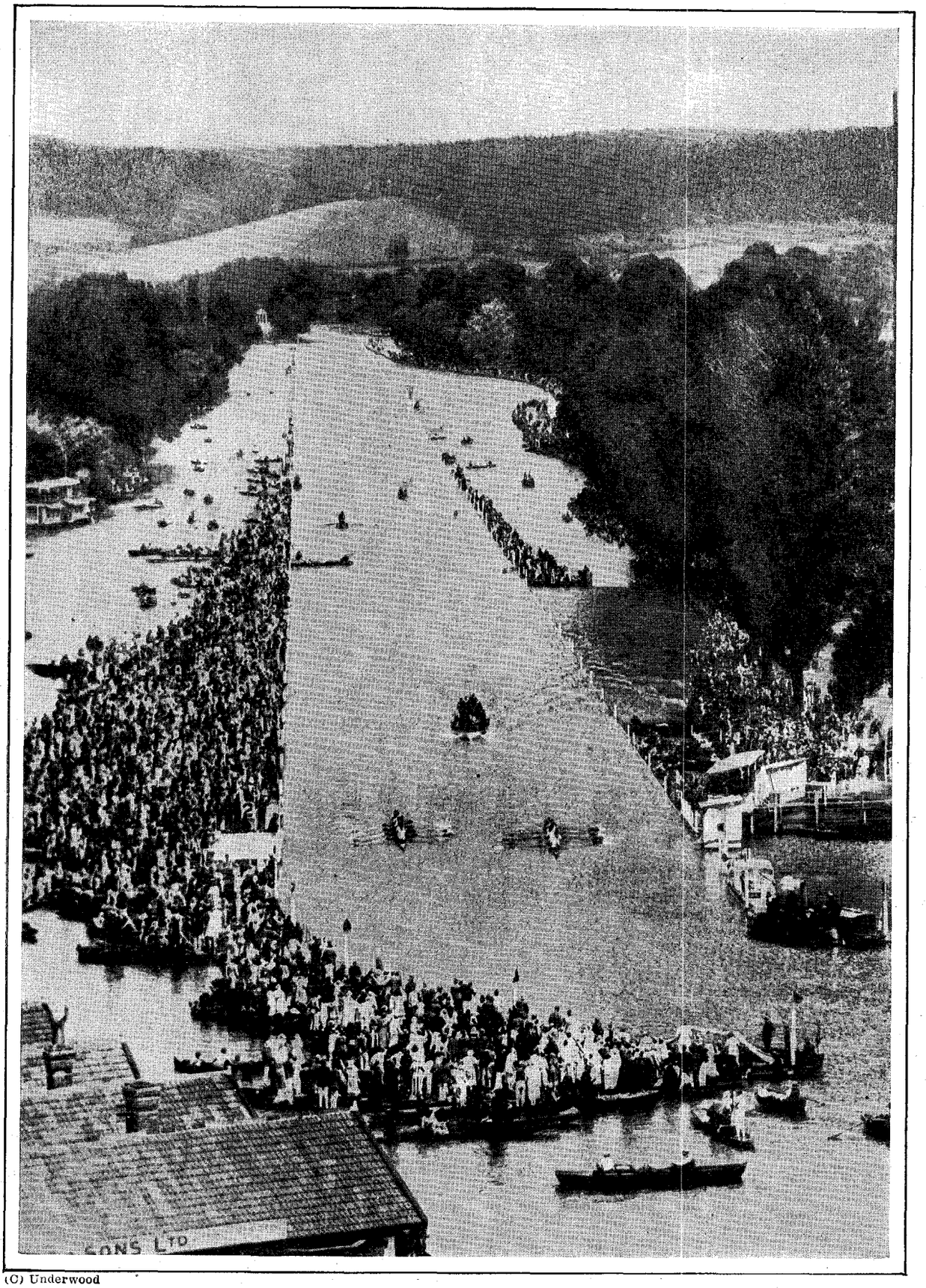
A Great Moment in the Henley Regatta



(C) Underwood

A bird's-eye view of the finish of the Grand Challenge Cup Race in which the Leander crew won from Jesus College (Cambridge) by six feet. The annual Henley Regatta was held early this month

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The Book Table

Ariel

A Review by Ethel Parton

"RARELY, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight"—and it is rare indeed and unexpected to find the elusive spirit whose rarity Shelley lamented hovering about the pages of any biography of the poet. But "Ariel,"[1] aptly given a title which absolves the author from labored explanation or apology concerning what the book is not, is wholly delightful. It is true biography, but not formal biography; it is biography that reads like a novel. With the achievements of the poet, with historical and bibliographical material touching the poems, it deals but little; it is a study of character, of Shelley the man among men and still more among women; of Shelley the genius and the rebel against society; but of how he lived, not how he wrote. Never for an instant is it dull; the style displays a French vivacity and elegance. There is throughout a sympathetic comprehension and presentment of everything in Shelley that was fine and generous and audacious, and of the perplexities and tragedies that beset his way; accompanied by a sane and delicate humor which never ignores and often dryly accentuates the absurdities and serio-comic episodes that much oftener than true tragedy must result when a winged spirit—an Ariel—associates on our planet with a heavy-footed Britain in goloshes.

André Maurois is French, yet he has probably told the story of Shelley's life and loves and friendships more fairly and truly than would be possible to an Englishman, since he has been neither bound by English standards nor defiant of them; he has felt himself under no necessity to expound or explain or excuse or moralize. He has simply, with an admirable instinct for selection, elimination, and emphasis, told the whole amazing story of an exceptional group of people—a story quite too amazing for acceptance if it did not happen to be true. They are all made very vivid: poor, pretty silly Harriet; Fanny, gentle and pathetic; passionate, predatory Claire; Mary, wise and loyal; mean, smug, rapacious Godwin; Byron, cynical and splendid; lastly, Ariel himself (the girls of the Godwin household gave him that nickname)—Ariel, affectionate, lovable, laughable, impossible, high-souled, freakish, lawless, a creature of dreams, an immortal entangled in mortality; fortunate for him the sudden tempest, the wreck, and the pyre upon the beach. He could never in life have found a port of peace; an Ariel grown old would have been tragedy indeed. For Harriet and Fanny there had been already death self-sought; loneliness and disappointment remained for Claire. Steadfast Mary survived her poet for nearly thirty years—survived, indeed, to see her son inherit the Shelley title and estates. An entirely respectable gentleman, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, with not one dancing gleam of Ariel in him to mock the family honors.

No one who enjoys brilliant biography, who likes to test an engaging novelty, or who desires a revealingly close acquaintance with Shelley will wish to miss M. André Maurois's "Ariel."

[1] Ariel—The Life of Shelley. By André Maurois. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The New Books

FICTION

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS (THE). By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

As usual, Mrs. Norris has written a book likely to baffle the watchdogs who guard the border between sentiment and sentimentalism. Sentimentalism, we realize, was the most corrupting legacy of the Victorian age. Little Nell and Colonel Newcome should not have died to that slow, voluptuous music. "Sob-stuff" is no longer tolerated in good society; the mob at the movies is free of course to tolerate anything it likes. Now Mrs. Norris does not write for the movie mob, or for the most fastidious literary society either. She writes for the man on the porch-step and the woman in the rocker—the latter in particular. The Callahans and the Murphys of this book are the stuff our next-door neighbors are made of. They do have joys and they do have griefs, and the literary taste of displaying or suppressing them is not a question they are aware of. In so far as you feel that their joys and griefs are real and moving, or that they are merely plausible inventions, you will feel the effect of the book to be wholesome or unwholesome. We vote in the affirmative. Mrs. Norris is Irish: emotional response is as real to her as anything in life.

SAVAGE (THE). By Mikhail Artzybasheff. Translated from the Russian by Gilbert Cannan and Mme. A. Strindberg. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The Russian character and "psychology" have remained an insoluble puzzle to many of us. Without the key to it, Russian imaginative literature has remained a baffling mystery. What use in all this intellectual virtuosity and all this ardent emotionalism, when they have to do with a lot of madmen and madwomen? Are there any sane people in Tolstoy, or Dostoyevsky, or Turgenev? If such art is realism, surely it deals with the unfruitful reality of Bedlam!

In this latest story by Mikhail Artzybasheff something like a key or clue is offered. The first half of the narrative is about as "grim" a piece of naturalistic presentation as can be imagined. The usual Slav scene, sordid and brutal, lust, torture, murder, and despair.

We get our clue to it all in the last three chapters. Zakhar is convicted and sentenced as murderer of his brother Klim Ivanovich, though Zakhar, his family, and the jury know that it is the third brother, Petenka the idiot, who really fired the shot. At heart Zakhar is the guilty one; he has done his brother unnamable wrong, and has wished his death. Peace can reach him only through penance, through "purging his soul" by suffering. At the trial the counsel for the prosecution has drawn a cynical picture of the Russian people, including the masses whom dreamers are exalting (the time is just before the Revolution) to godhead. He sees a primitive and savage people, part Asiatic, with superstitions they call religion and passions they call ideas.

It is the counsel for the defense who, after the trial, perceives a something resembling character, a regard for abstract right, behind the dull features of these common people. Zakhar's mother and his mistress and the jury and the man himself all dumbly consent that he shall pay the penalty for a crime he has not committed, because it is no more than he deserves for the crime he has committed. Here the counsel, the educated Russian, sees a dim light burning for the ignorant brothers of his race. "We do not understand them! We speak another language! . . . Retribution? Yes. They will shed blood in streams and then turn retribution upon themselves, and

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suffer again for that every punishment, every catastrophe, every disaster. . . . Savages? Only savages! . . . And yet, perhaps—"

SURPLUS. By Sylvia Stevenson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Miss Stevenson in "Surplus" has recognized the new importance attaching under modern conditions to friendships between women. They have always, of course, had a place in literature, from the days of Ruth and Naomi through the sentimentalities of the "darling Laura" and "adored Matilda" period to the present. Miss Stevenson handles much of her material with ability, but she has unfortunately gone far to defeat her own efforts by choosing in Sally Wraith a heroine independent in one sense but too abjectly, hysterically dependent in another, as well as too obtusely selfish to be, one may hope, in any way typical or to enlist the reader's sympathy.

BIOGRAPHY

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD: THE MAN OF TO-MORROW. By Iconoclast. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.50.

There are in the world to-day few more fascinating or challenging figures than that of Great Britain's first Labor Premier, who a few years ago was anathema abroad as well as at home, was supposed to have passed out of the public eye forever, and who now, still a Socialist of the "evolutionary" or "constitutional" type, stands at the helm of the British ship of state. Political and economic opinions aside, such a man must be studied and grasped, and the pseudonymous "Iconoclast" makes such a study easy and agreeable through the volume now republished in this country, with a preface by Oswald Garrison Villard. Its vivid pages show us Ramsay MacDonald, not only as a politician and idealistic reformer, but as a human personality. It is surprising, but decidedly refreshing, to learn, for instance, that the man who heads the strongest political labor organization in the world dresses and behaves like any other gentleman, plays golf with gusto and precision, has for his pet hobby the collecting and reading of eighteenth-century literature, and would like to quit politics in order to write an authoritative life of Knox. These are welcome little human touches, but otherwise the portrait given us is that of a human soul of uncommonly fine quality and still further purged by suffering and sorrow. It is little wonder that MacDonald is hated alike by Conservatives, Liberals, and Communists, for, like Branting in Sweden, he proposes nothing that is not feasible, and the last thing he would ever dream of would be to force through a political or economic or social change without the unqualified support of a clear majority of the people. This book about him is worth reading, not only for his sake, but for the sake of a better understanding of the entire Socialist movement. It is written, of course, from a Socialist point of view, but not in a blindly partisan manner or spirit, and, while the portrait given us is that of a highly gifted and uncommonly sincere personality, it has shadows as well as high lights, limitations as well as rich possibilities. A book, in a word, that must be held highly valuable to the understanding of our own day and its dominant tendencies.

EDUCATIONAL

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY (THE)—A HISTORY. By Laurence M. Crosbie. Printed for the Academy by the Plimpton Press, Norwood, Massachusetts.

All Exonians will wish to own this book, which is a satisfactory history of one of the best schools in the world and an exposition of its distinctive characteristics.

Phillips Exeter was founded in 1781 by John Phillips, whose brother Samuel had founded Andover Academy three years before. Exeter owes its greatness largely to three remarkable men: Benjamin Abbot, Headmaster or "Preceptor" 1788–1838; Gideon Lane Soule, Headmaster 1838–73; and Professor George Albert Wentworth; the last-named as striking a personality as any teacher America has produced. After Dr. Soule's death there were several principals who failed to "hit it off," and the school underwent a terrible slump, but its prestige and efficiency were revived by Harlan P. Amen, its head from 1895 to 1903, and ever since it has marched triumphantly on.

Andover and Exeter were the first American private schools to resemble the great English "public schools"—Harrow, Eton, etc. They are to other private schools in our country what Harvard and Yale are to other colleges; their relations closely resemble Harvard-Yale relations. Exeter has been a grand feeder for Harvard, Andover for Yale.

Nothing could be more glorious or picturesque than the athletic rivalry between Exeter and Andover—schools with similar traditions, twins, so to speak, of the same age as the Republic. For enthusiasm, high stomach, intensity of rivalry, a Yale-Harvard football or baseball match cannot compare with an Exeter-Andover one. This reviewer takes pride in one, and one only, of his literary compositions: namely, a battle-song composed by him for an Exeter-Andover football game in—well, long ago. He has always permitted himself to believe that in the Tyrtæan rôle he won the game for Andover.

Long is the roll of distinguished Exonians. It includes Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Edward Everett, George Bancroft, and Jared Sparks. Though Exeter has maintained a tradition of sound and thorough class-room training, like Andover, she has laid more stress on development of character than on "book-larnin'." The atmosphere of the school is wholesome and manly.

More than 2,000 Exonians (out of perhaps 7,500 living graduates) served in the Army or Navy during the Great War; 62 were killed.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

HISTORY OF IRELAND (THE). By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.50.

This is a formidable volume of over five hundred pages. It falls short of being a work of the first order, but it is a very notable and valuable book. It is doubtful if another man lives more competent than Mr. Gwynn to the task essayed. His learning is adequate; he is eminently judicial and magnanimous. His most notable success is in dealing with the clerical element in Irish history—a thing of almost incredible difficulty; a success, indeed, so notable as almost to justify the attribution of "great" to the book. Mr. Gwynn's partiality for Ireland, his native country, is evident, and could not be wished away. It does not, however, prevent a clear perception and recognition of the defects of his countrymen and of abominable details of their behavior. It does not prevent a like perception and recognition of the difficulties of British administration and the occasional merits of British administrators and British policy.

Mr. Gwynn's mind is somewhat frigid. He has the faults of his qualities. He lacks charm, color, vividness, the gift of portraiture. The early history of Ireland could, and should be, made as entertaining as a Persian tale; as presented by Mr. Gwynn it interests without entertaining the reader. Mr. Gwynn is at his best from Henry VIII to the appearance of Parnell. It is probably not exaggerative to say that this part of the book will be considered "indispensable" to the student of Irish history.

BOLSHEVIK PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANITY (THE). By Captain Francis McCullagh. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

Of absorbing interest from cover to cover. The author displays that rare combination: will to tell the truth, power of distinguishing the truth, and ability to set forth the truth lucidly and attractively. His background is adequate, his gift of portraiture remarkable, his critical sense penetrating. He illuminates all the chief aspects of the Bolshevik persecution of Christianity, but he addresses himself in detail mainly to two matters: (1) the intrigues which culminated in the

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trial of Archbishop Tikhon and in the Orthodox schism; (2) the trial of the Roman Catholic Archbishop Cieplak. The verbatim report of the testimony at the latter trial is of priceless value, and the descriptions of the appearance and behavior of the prosecutor, the judges, the prisoners, and the several types in the audience are vivid and masterly. This book will live as a most important document of one of the most bizarre episodes in human history.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

COMMON SENSE OF MUSIC (THE). By Sigmund Spaeth. Boni and Liveright, New York. $2.

The extraordinary modern interest in music, one that is rapidly making America a musical nation in the best sense, has in no small degree been aided in its development by the very interesting criticisms, reviews, and lectures of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, who has been music editor of "Life," of the "Evening Mail," and who has contributed many articles on music to various magazines.

It has been his special work to write, not especially for musicians, but for the constantly growing number of people who enjoy hearing good music and who, from the "listener's" standpoint, would like to know more about what they hear, and so be able to appreciate it better. Through his writings, lectures, and recent talks over the radio he has taken the forbidding reputation away from the musical "classics" and made it possible for many to appreciate music that previously had seemed little more than a rather too-long-continued series of sounds.

The heart of his theories has been put into "The Common Sense of Music." This should be an invaluable book for that vast audience of more and more appreciative folk who are doing so much to support the development of musical America. It not only makes the various forms and kinds of music exceedingly clear, but the story is told so lucidly, and with such evident relish and even humor, that it would be a delight to read even if one were completely tone deaf. Those who enjoy hearing music, even the most blatant jazz, will find their enjoyment greatly increased by the common sense of this thoroughly enjoyable book.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

JAPANESE CIVILIZATION, ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND REALIZATION. By Kishio Satomi. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.50.

The real subject of the book is the doctrine given to the world by the Japanese Nichiren, who died in 1282. That doctrine had almost fallen into oblivion before its recent revival. Now the Nichirenians are numbered in the millions. They claim that their doctrine is a return to the authentic teaching of Buddha, and that it is in close harmony with the "Japanese Principles" divulged by the Emperor Jimmu, which are said to form the basis of Japanese polity. It is reassuring to learn that the chief ultmate aim thereof is world peace. Not that Japan now fully embodies and illustrates these principles, but it will when thoroughly Nichirenized. Nichirenized Japan, the model state, will be an object of imitation to the rest of the world. Nichirenism will become the world religion, the means of that spiritual synthesis of East and West of which we hear so much.

PHARISEES (THE). By R. Travers Herford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The Pharisees appear to have left nothing behind them except a bad name, a term of abuse. This book presents a study of exactly what constituted Pharisaism, and how it was of importance in the history of religion.

Books Received

FICTION

MISTER FISH KELLY. By Robert McBlair. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

NARROW STREET (THE). By Edwin Bateman Morris. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

TEST OF DONALD NORTON (THE). By Robert E. Pinkerton. Illustrated. The Reilly & Lee Company, Chicago.

DRAMA

SIN-EATERS' HALLOWE'EN (THE). By Francis Neilson. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. $1.50.

SQUARE PEG (A). By Lewis Beach. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

BIOGRAPHY

REAL DANIEL WEBSTER (THE). By Elijah R. Kennedy. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $2.

ROBERT E. LEE. By Woodrow Wilson. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

ROOSEVELT—PROPHET OF UNITY. By Hermann Hagedorn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

TOLSTOI—THE TEACHER. By Charles Baudouin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

WOMAN'S QUEST (A)—LIFE OF MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CONDITIONS OF CONVERSION (THE). By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

MOBILIZING FOR PEACE. By Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $2.

OF ONE BLOOD. By Robert E. Speer. The Missionary Education Movement, New York. 75c.

REALITY AND RELIGION. By Sadhu Sundar Singh. The Macmillan Company, New York. 75c.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SPIRITUAL IDEAL (THE). By Felix Adler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

RELIGION AND NATURAL LAW. By M. A. Russell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

SHELDON'S EVERYDAY BIBLE. By Charles M. Sheldon. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

TOWN PARSON (THE). By Rev. Peter Green, M.A. Longsmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

WHERE EVOLUTION AND RELIGION MEET. By John M. Coulter and Merle C. Coulter. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

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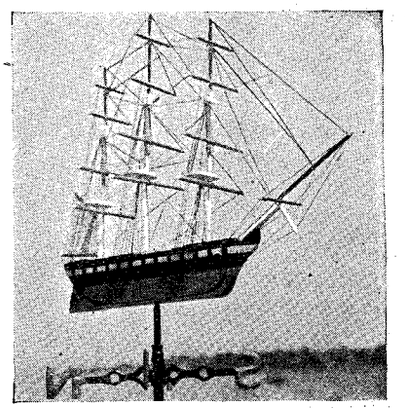

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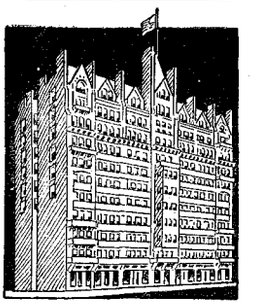

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COLLEGE trained woman, especially equipped to deal with the educational, social, and conduct problems of children, wishes position of responsibility in private family or institution. 5,243, Outlook.

REFINED and cultured woman would like position as chaperon and companion to young girl or elderly lady. Would travel. Best references. 5,231, Outlook.

POSITION by refined couple. Wife second work; man gardener, chauffeur or caretaker. 5,235, Outlook.

NURSE, practical, with teaching experience, desires, September 1, care of child, mentally defective or normal, or semi-invalid woman. 1876 Stanwood Rd., Cleveland, O. Eddy 7559 W.

COMPANION—Young lady, educated, refined, desires position as companion to lady. Best references. 5,223, Outlook.

POSITION desired as supervisor of club, dining-room, or cafeteria, or housekeeper in refined home. Experienced. References. Address E. H., 171 Maplewood Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

REFINED, motherly woman, capable, experienced, desires position housemother, companion, supervising housekeeper. 5,225, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER, chaperon, general supervisor of boarding department, girls' school. Many years' experience. 5,224, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVEL to Europe—Woman teacher, linguist, highly recommended, seeks position as companion. Write 5,201, Outlook.

PROFESSOR'S wife, placing daughter in Swiss school, would chaperon two girls desiring similar advantages. Sail September 13. References exchanged. 5,206, Outlook.

CLERGYMAN'S daughter desires position as companion to elderly lady. Reference, Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, Burlington, Vt. Address N. M., Box 14, Short Hills, N. J.

COMPANION-housekeeper. Experienced, capable. References exchanged. 5,215, Outlook.

LADY wishes position as companion or managing housekeeper. Experienced. Highest references. 5,216, Outlook.

WOMAN, experienced traveler, as companion to Pacific coast. 5,234, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

ORDAINED minister, lover of children, desires position as worker with children, preferably boys, along spiritual and moral lines. Work acceptable in orphanage or home for incorrigibles. 5,239, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher seeks position. Latin, Spanish. Grace Randall, Russell, Pa.

FRENCH teacher, diplomée, experienced, available September, private school position. Write 5,200, Outlook.

POSITION sought with motherless children by experienced educator. Highest references. Write 5,202, Outlook.

TUTOR wishes position for September. 5,220, Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 single or 100 double sheets, 100 envelopes, printed in dark blue on good bond paper, $1. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

REGISTERED nurse with post graduate training in care of infants would take into her own home infant or young child. Pleasant, healthful location in New England village. Terms approximately $100 month. 5,196, Outlook.

THE Playhouse, home for a few young children, suburban. Trained, careful attention given every detail of a child's development. $50 monthly. Mrs. Rice, 3207 Seminary Ave., Richmond, Va.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WANTED—Exceptional children in pleasant home at the seashore. Individual instruction, loving care. 5,236, Outlook.

SCHOLARSHIPS available nationally known boys' boarding school. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

"I SAW IT IN THE OUTLOOK"

"I SAW it in The Outlook," is a common introduction to letters inquiring about real estate offerings.

The real estate classified advertisements in The Outlook are read by an audience of remarkably high purchasing power. They are home seekers, home owners, home builders. No extensive message is needed to arouse the interest of such prospects. A modest announcement in The Outlook will do the business.

Advertisers tell us that their returns from Outlook classified columns are exceptionally high and uniformly profitable. The consistent use of these columns for real estate announcements has become a habit. It is a habit that is well worth forming.

Read the real estate announcements in The Outlook and keep in touch with the highest quality offerings on the market to-day. Use these columns whenever you have something that will appeal to an audience far out of the ordinary, exceptionally interested in the good things of life.

THE OUTLOOK'S CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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By the Way

An eloquent answer to the celebrated Malthusian dictum that population tends to increase faster than food supply is given by Professor Whipple, of Harvard, in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin:" "The contribution which the hydraulic engineer offers is this; he says, 'By the control of water we will open up new areas to habitation; we will make crops grow on the deserts; we will distribute hydraulic power so that people may be more widely scattered; we will utilize the power of the northern rivers; we will make the tropics safe for the white man to inhabit. By the control of water we will make the world's habitable areas larger and safer and more beautiful.' It may not be a complete answer, but it will help."

From "Punch:"

Garrulous Passenger—"Oh, Captain, I've crossed the Atlantic dozens of times in all kinds of weather and never remember feeling so ill. I wonder what's the cause?"

Captain—"Bad memory."

The famous "Minne" ships of the Atlantic Transport Line, four in number, were all lost during the war, an article in "American Shipping" states. Owing to war censorship, the loss was not made known to the public. "It can be stated now," the article says, "that all four ships fell victims to mines or torpedoes." The loss of the Minnewaska in 1916 is thus described: "The Minnewaska struck a mine when bound from Alexandria to Marseilles with 1,800 troops on board. Though the vessel was heeling more and more to the point at which she must capsize with heavy loss of life, Captain Gates headed her for a rocky beach on the Island of Crete, three miles away. Here he ran her ashore, full tilt. All hands were rescued." These ships have been replaced by others bearing similar names.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

"Does your wife know how to wash dishes?"

"I should say she does. I can't do them to suit her at all."

The "Monthly Echo" of the Five Points Mission of New York City publishes a bunch of letters from some of the 635 children it sent last year for an outing to its Fresh Air Home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. Here is a specimen:

Dear Mr. Todd: I came to the Mission always and please Mr. Todd can I come to Cornwall when it gets hot? We are six in our family and we live in three little rooms. I like it in Cornwall because the bread is so nice and soft and the beds are so nice and white and the grass smells so nice. I hope the Mission sends me to the country for a while because I am not fat.

Robert and Elizabeth Browning seventy years ago had an admirer in Walter R. Cassels, who wrote many letters about their life in Florence to a friend in England; extracts from these letters in the "Yale Review" give some interesting sidelights on the famous poets.

"A more simple, unaffected, kind-hearted couple don't exist," the letter-writer says, "and I admire them both, now, more than I did before—not from any brilliancy of conversation, but from their frank, unassuming, and thorough goodheartedness."

"They admired Emerson much, were most curious in asking about him, and Browning said that some of his poems were beautiful, tho' deficient in music."

"They knew Margaret Fuller well, and her last day in Florence was spent in the room in which we sat. They said she was anything but one of the cold intellectual class, but was a very fine and warm-hearted woman."

"Mrs. B. said she did not think critics taught one anything, but that seeing one's poems in print taught us much."

"She asked me if I never thought of the periodicals [as a medium for the publication of poems]. I said I had a great objection to the mode. She said so had her husband, but that many of her own poems had thus appeared."

Apropos of the last paragraph quoted, it will be recalled that Browning broke his rule only once, when "Hervé Riel" appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine." The $500 he received for this was given to the relief fund to help unhappy Paris after the siege of 1871.

From the "Georgia Cracker:"

Englishman—"What's the best way to make an Englishman happy in his old age?"

All-American—"Tell him a joke when he's young."

A retort courteous to the above grind on the Englishman is furnished by Max Beerbohm (as quoted in the "Yale Review") when he speaks of "those busts of the Roman Emperors along the Sheldonian Theater at Oxford ('by American visitors frequently mistaken for the Twelve Apostles')."

From "Shavings:"

It was a dark night and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post. With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match and read, "Wet Paint."

Contributors' Gallery

George Marvin's "Tokyo Vignettes" throw an intimate and personal light on current events in Japan. "I missed by less than five minutes being an active—or totally thereafter inactive—part of the flag incident of July 1," writes Mr. Marvin in a letter to the editors. "By that interval I passed by the old Embassy compound on my way to the Foreign Office (see account in my article) and, as I always do, looked for the flag, missed it, and wondered why it had not been run up as usual." Mr. Marvin has been studying conditions in Japan for some time, but is expected back in this country next month.

John T. Rowland will probably be best remembered by Outlook readers as the author of "A Connecticut Yankee Speaks His Mind," which caused such a stir when it was published in The Outlook last March. Mr. Rowland is a true lover of adventure, exploration, and the sea.

Oliver Madox Hueffer, a member of a family of distinguished writers, has made a name for himself as an English author, editor, and war correspondent. He has been on the staffs of various periodicals in England and the United States, written a number of plays and several books, including nine or ten novels. He was wounded in the Somme campaign.

Ernest Dimnet, who is a professor at the Collège Stanislas in Paris, has a wide reputation on both sides of the Atlantic as a writer and lecturer. A loyal son of the Catholic Church and a keen student of English literature, Canon Dimnet (Abbé Dimnet, as he then was) began to write for the English magazines years ago. He was a Lowell Lecturer at Harvard University in 1919, and again was heard here as a lecturer at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1923.

Ethel Parton has become a frequent contributor to our Book Table, both of signed and unsigned reviews. She lives in Massachusetts and is on the staff of the "Youth's Companion."

Frederick Hall, as he says in his article ("Bryan, Radio, and Religion"), is engaged in the mercantile business in Dundee, Illinois. He considers writing his avocation, and for twenty years has been contributing to magazines, particularly those for children and young people. He was educated at Berea College, at Oberlin, and in Europe.

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